MOTHER GOOSE

PICTURE BOOK

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Mother Goose
Nursery rhymes

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F. Opper

MOTHER GOOSE'S

NURSERY RHYMES

LONDON:

J. M. DENT & CO., ALDINE HOUSE, W.C.

1900.

LONDON

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BY WAY OF PREFACE

THESE classic rhymes and jingles have been illustrated with pictures from many different pencils, and on many different plans,—from the early English plan of our grandfathers' day, in the form of quaint and clumsy wood-cuts, to the decorative and poster-like plan of our own. Many of these pictures have been delightful, but all of them, as it seems to me, have been addressed to one comprehension only,—that of The Child.

While I also have kept the tastes of young folks steadfastly in view in making the illustrations for this book, yet the general plan which I have followed might be called, perhaps, the Eighty-Year Plan, inasmuch as I have aimed to furnish interest and diversion for anybody up to the age, say, of eighty years.

If this plan should meet with favor, my thanks and gratitude will be due to that ornament of humanity and moral life-saver, the Intelligent Purchaser. If it should not, I herewith tender my sincerest sympathy to that philanthropic individual, the Intrepid Publisher.

FREDERICK BURR OPPER.

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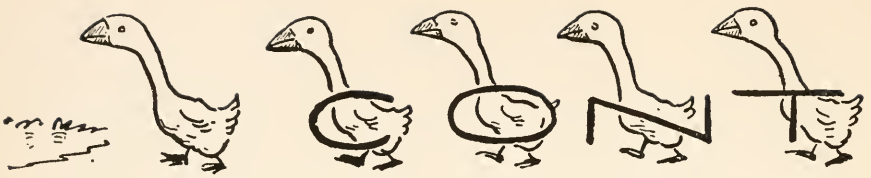

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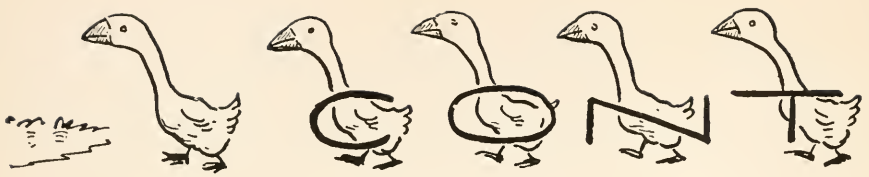

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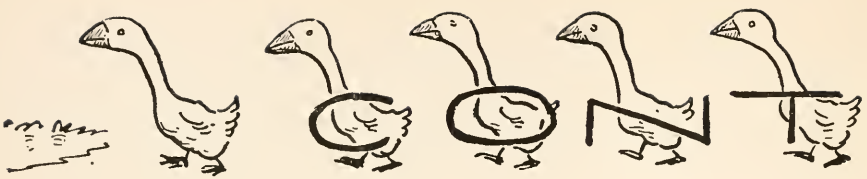

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MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

OLD KING COLE.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three!

Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

A was an Archer, and shot at a frog.

B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.

C was a Captain, all covered with lace.

D was a Dunce, with a very sad face.

E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow.

F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.

G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck.

H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.

I was an Innkeeper, who loved to bowse.

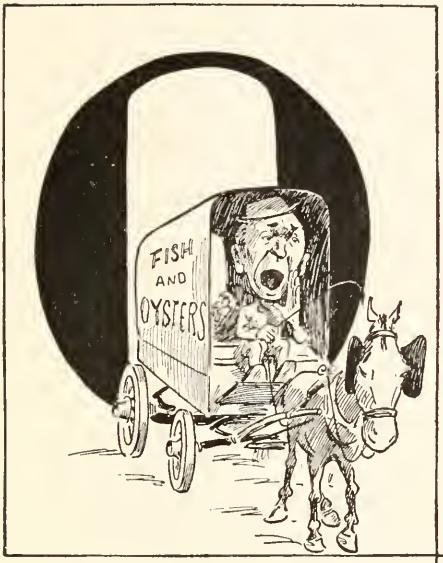
J was a Joiner, who built up a house.

K was a King, so mighty and grand.

L was a Lady, and had a white hand.

M was a Miser, and hoarded his gold.

N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.



O was an Oysterman, and went about town.

P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.

Q was a Quack, with a wonderful pill.

R was a Robber, who wanted to kill.

S was a Sailor, who spent all he got.

T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.

U was a Usurer, a miserable elf.

V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.

W was a Watchman, who guarded the door.

X was Expensive, and so became poor.

Y was a Youth, that did not love school.

Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

H. Oppel

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Gloster,
In a shower of rain;

He stepped in a puddle, up to the middle,
And never went there again.

DANCE a baby diddit,
What can his mother do with it,
But sit in a lap,
And give him some pap?
Dance a baby diddit.

* * *

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly, gayly, gamberally,
Higgledy, piggledy, niggledy, giggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

* * *

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

* * *

OLD Father Grey Beard,
Without tooth or tongue,
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

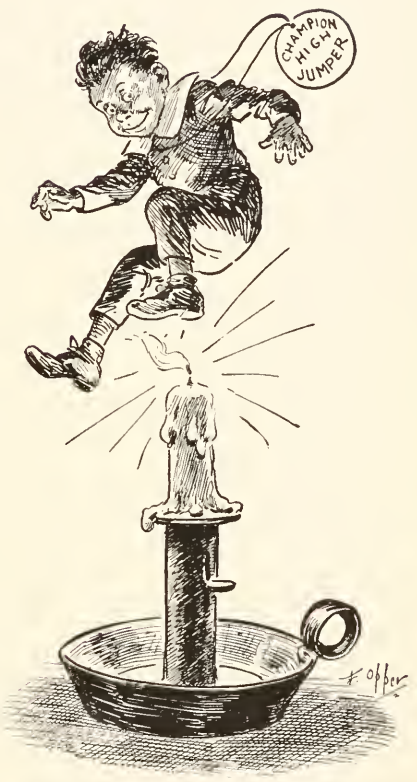
AT reck'ning lets play,
And prithee, lets lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the sum
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

* * *

IF all the world were water,
And all the water were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

* * *

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
Hey, my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.



JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over
the candlestick.

IF you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you'll be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile for a tickling of the knee.

* * *

AS I was going up Primrose Hill,
Primrose Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me a curtsey.
Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you;
If I had half a crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS.

A MAN of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;

If the bowl had been stronger
My story had been longer.

HUSH, baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by and by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or, maybe, a tart,
Then to either you are welcome, with all my heart.

* * *

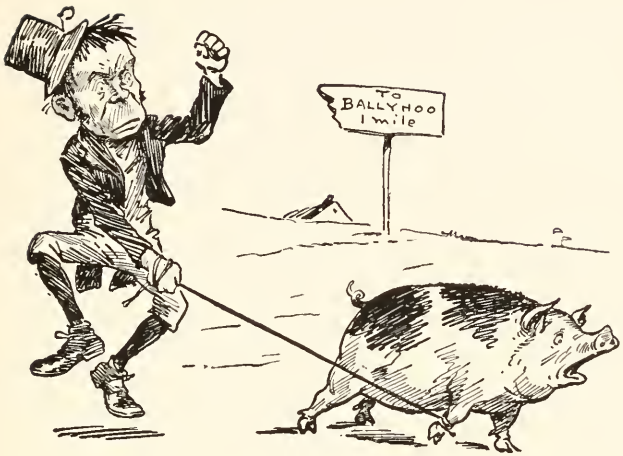
SNAIL, snail, come put out your horn,
To-morrow is the day to shear the corn.

* * *

HE that would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven,
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

* * *

A MAN went hunting at Reigate,
And wished to jump over a high gate;
Says the owner, "Go round,
With your horse and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate."



TO market,
to market,
to buy a fat
pig,
Home again,
home again,
jiggety jig.

To market, to
market, to
buy a fat
hog,
Home again,
home again,
jiggety jog.

WHO comes here?
A Grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.

Where is your money?
I forgot.

Get you gone,
You drunken sot!

* * *

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this,—
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."

* * *

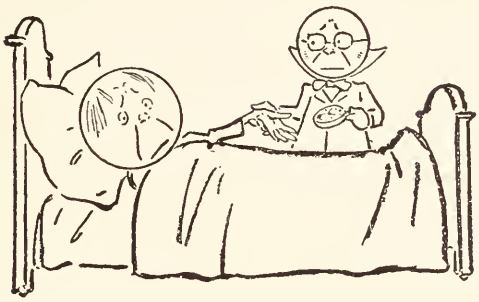
MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday.

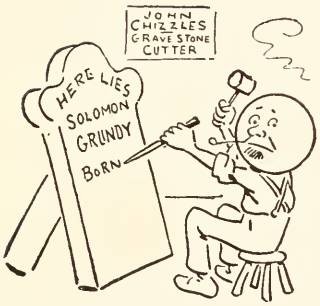
Christened on Tuesday.

Married on Wednesday.

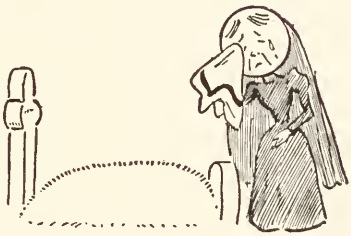
Very ill on Thursday.



Worse on Friday.



Died on Saturday.



Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

* * *

FOR every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

IS John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

* * *

THIS is the way the ladies go—
Nim, nim, nim.
This is the way the gentlemen go—
Trot, trot, trot.
This is the way the hunters go—
Gallop, gallop, gallop.

* * *

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

MY little old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about,—
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

BLOW, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

* * *

WE are all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps,
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's,
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

* * *

THERE was an Owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.
A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle!"

SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pie-man to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Indeed I have not any."

He went to catch a dickey-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon his tail.

He went to take a bird's nest,
Was built upon a bough:
A branch gave way, and Simon fell
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare,
He rode an ass about the streets,
But couldn't find one there.

He went for to eat honey
Out of the mustard-pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had a little calf,
She threw him down upon the ground
Which made the people laugh.

Once Simon made a great snowball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went to slide upon the ice,
  Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
  Which made poor Simon stare.

Simple Simon went to look
  If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

He washed himself with blacking-ball,
Because he had no soap;
Then said unto his mother,
"I'm a beauty now, I hope."

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

IN marble halls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold. An egg.

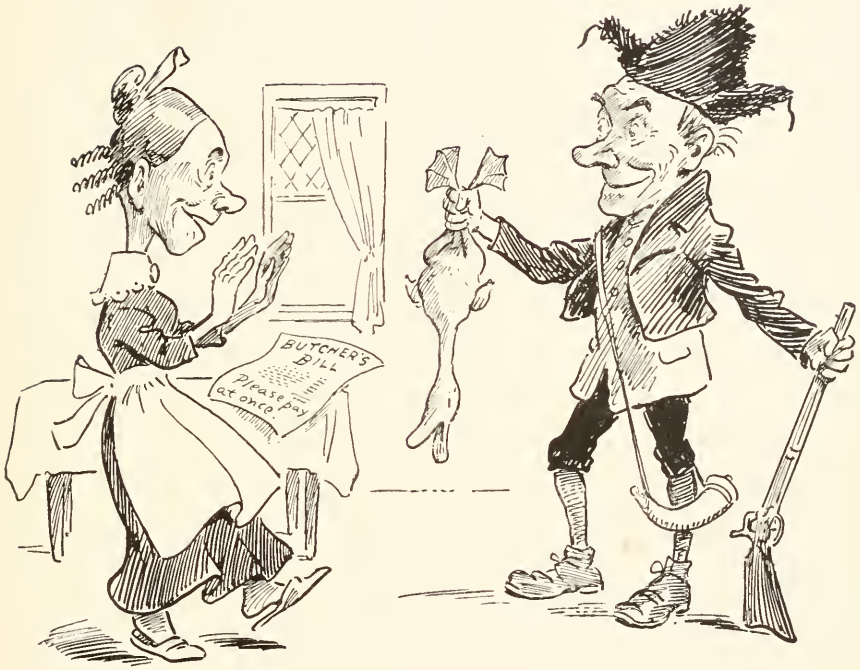
* * *

RIDDLE-ME, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be:
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't draw it up. A well.

* * *

WHEN I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered.
It's I that make peace between king and king,
And many a true lover glad:
All this I do, and ten times more,
And more I could do still;
But nothing can I do
Without my guider's will. A pen.

THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook, and saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.



He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

AWAY, birds, away!
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And then there will be an end of you.

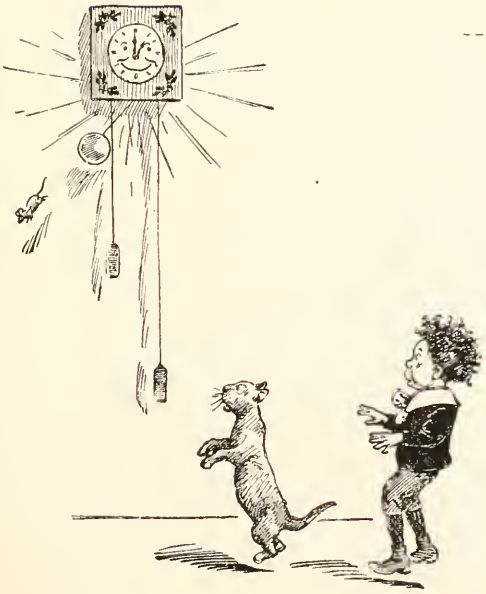
* * *

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

* * *

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?
One. The others were returning.

DICKERY, dickery, dock!
The mouse ran up the
clock;



The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery, dock!

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

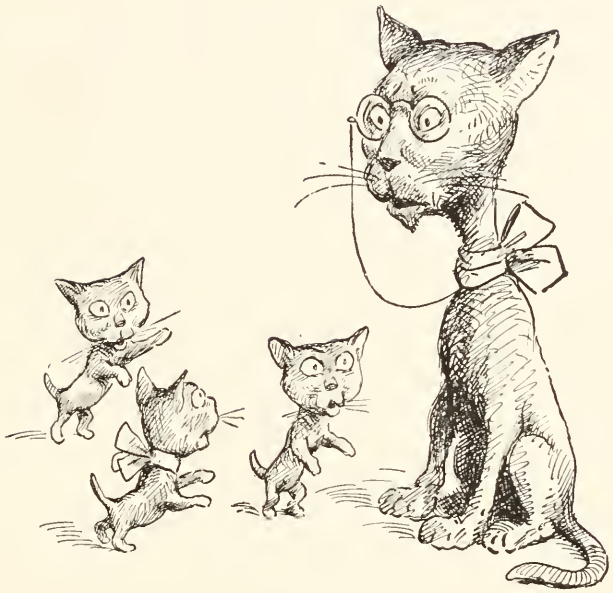
* * *

LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

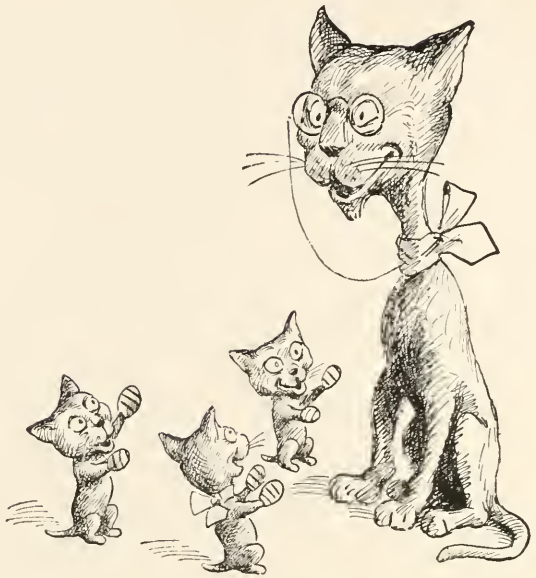
* * *

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

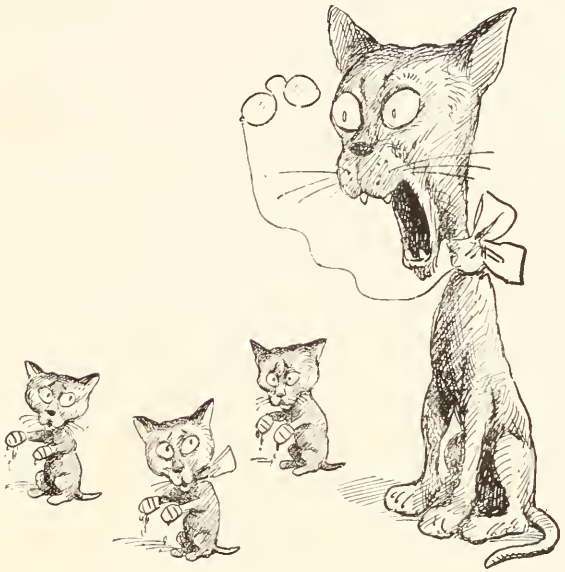
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.



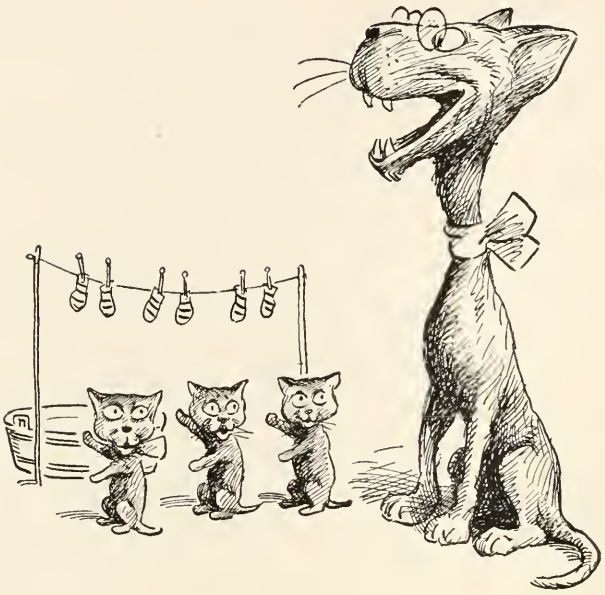
THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.



The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have found!"
"What! found your mittens, you little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie!"
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.



The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled!"
"What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh:
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.



The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed!"
"What! washed your mittens, you darling kittens,—
But I smell a rat close by!"
Hush! hush!—miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet
away.

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name,—three times I've tell'd it. Ann.

* * *

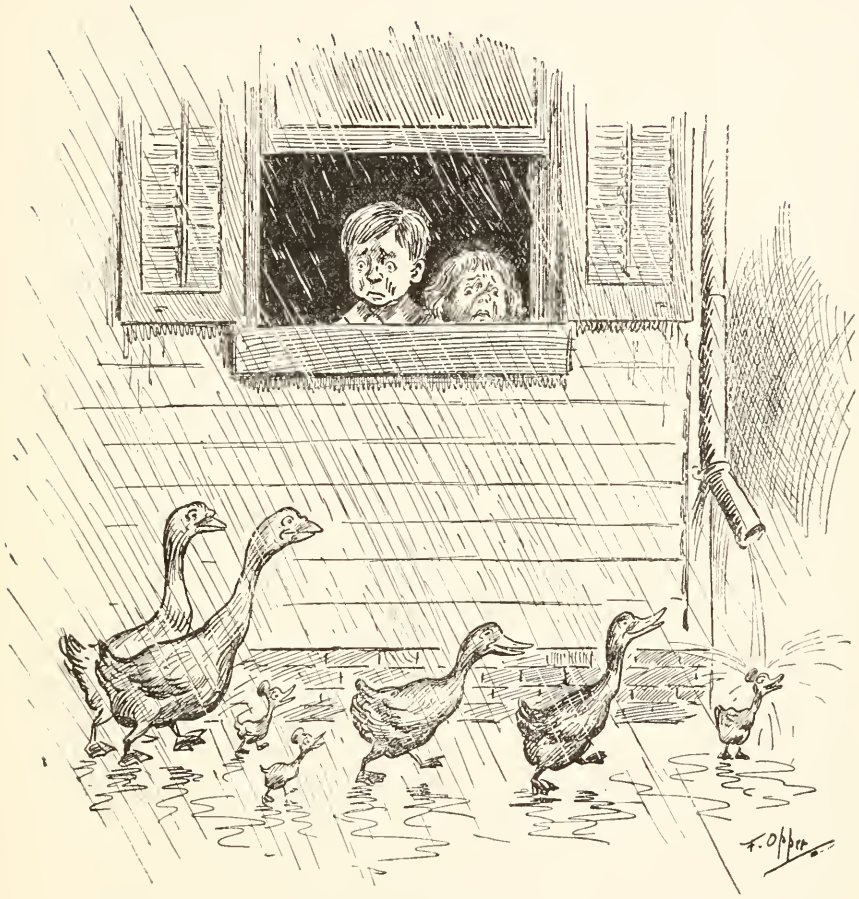
HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen-door;
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the King's kitchen-door! Sunshine.

* * *

WHAT shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Every customer has two pair. A horse-shoer.

* * *

RIDDLE me, riddle me, what is that
Over the head and under the hat? Hair.



RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again April day;
Little Johnny wants to play.

JACK and Jill went up
the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke
his crown,
And Jill came tumbling
after.

Up Jack got, and home did
trot,
As fast as he could ca-
per;
Dame Jill had the job to
plaster his knob
With vinegar and brown
paper.

Jill came in and she did grin
To see his paper plaster,
Mother vex'd did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

* * *

BLACK we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man:
Tell me this riddle if you can. Coals.

* * *

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two Ts
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
Tell me how many Ts there are in all THAT?

* * *

THERE was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold:
Three times I've named his name

I WENT to the wood and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And brought it home because I couldn't help it.

A thorn.

* * *

I'M in every one's way,
But no one I stop;
My four horns every day
In every way play,
And my head is nailed on at the top!

A turnstile.

* * *

THE fiddler and his wife,
The piper and his mother,
Ate three half cakes, three whole cakes,
And three quarters of another.
How much did each get?

The fiddler's wife was the piper's mother. Each one, therefore, got ½ + 1 + ¼, or 1¾.

PETER WHITE
Will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

OLD Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

A needle and thread.

* * *

MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.

TOBACCO.

* * *

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

A plum pudding.

I'LL tell you a story,
About John-a-Nory:
And now my story's begun.

I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother:
And now my story's done.

THE land was white,
The sea was black;
It'll take a good scholar
To riddle me that. Paper and writing.

* * *

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!
Gloves.

* * *

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With four legs standing by;
Four then were drawn by ten:
Read my riddle ye can't,
However much ye try.
A maid, on a three-legged stool, milking a cow.

* * *

AS high as a castle,
As weak as a wastle;
And all the King's horses
Cannot pull it down. Smoke.

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.

TWELVE pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each quickly took a pear,
And yet left eleven there!

One knight was named Each.

* * *

ARTHUR O'BOWER has broken his band;
He comes roaring up the land.
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!

A storm of wind.

* * *

WHAT God never sees,
What the King seldom sees,
What we see every day:
Read my riddle, I pray.

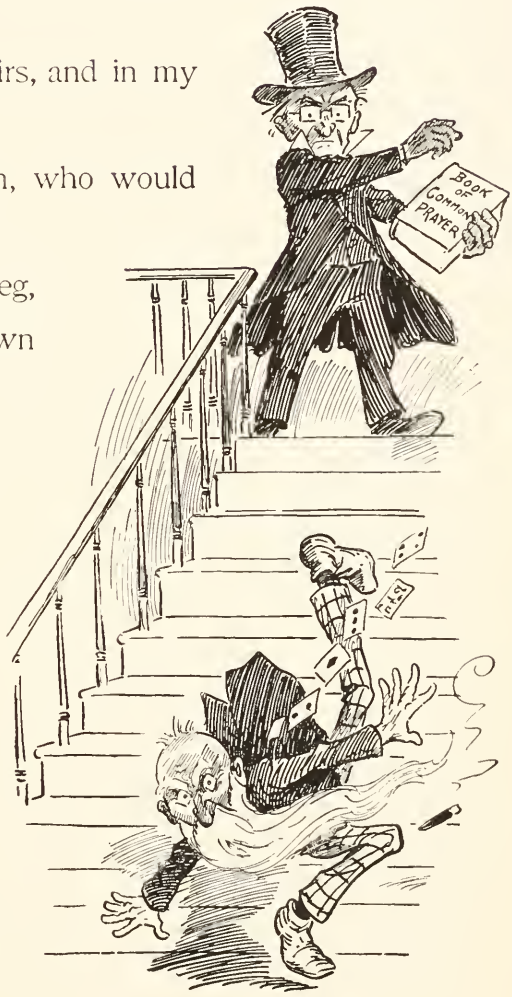
An equal.

* * *

A HILL full, a hole full,
Ye cannot catch a bowlful.

The mist.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander, whither
shall I wander,
Up-stairs, and down-stairs, and in my
lady's chamber.
There I met an old man, who would
not say his prayers,
I took him by his left leg,
and threw him down
the stairs.



* * *

MADE in London,
Sold at York,
Stops a bottle,
And *is* a cork.

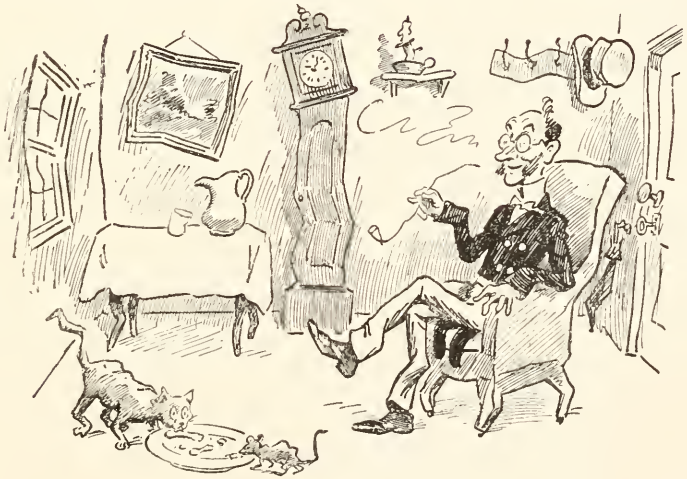
* * *

LIVES in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its
roots upward!
An icicle.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,

And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,



And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

PURPLE, yellow, red, and green,
The King cannot reach it, nor the Queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight. A rainbow.

* * *

I AM become of flesh and blood,
As other creatures be;
Yet there's neither flesh nor blood
Doth remain in me.
I make Kings that they fall out;
I make them agree;
And yet there's neither flesh nor blood
Doth remain in me. A pen.

* * *

AS I was going o'er yon moor of moss,
I met a man on a gray horse;
He whipped and he wailed;
I asked him what he ailed;
He said he was going to his father's funeral,
Who died seven years before he was born!
His father was a dyer.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

I'VE seen you where you never was,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet you in that very same place
May still be seen by me.

The reflection of a face in a looking-glass.

* * *

OVER the water,
And under the water,
And always with its head down.

A nail in the bottom of a ship.

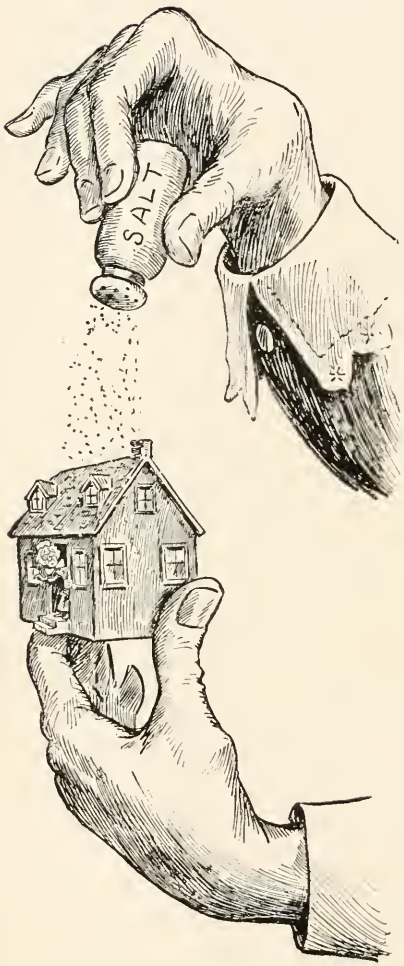
* * *

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest,
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.

* * *

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet.
All this is true, without deceit.

JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.



THERE was an old woman
called Nothing-At-All,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling
exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth
to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house
and old woman went.

* * *

SWAN, swan, over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim.
Swan, swan, back again;
Well swam, swan.

* * *

LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in
two.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice.

PEASE-PORRIDGE hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.

* * *

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows. A candle.

* * *

AS I was going o'er Westminster Bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap *an' drew* off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What is his name?

* * *

BLACK within and red without;
Four corners round about. A chimney.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

A WATER there is I must pass,
A broader water never was;
And yet of all waters I ever did see,
To pass over with less jeopardy. The dew.

* * *

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.
The man had one eye, and the tree
two apples upon it.

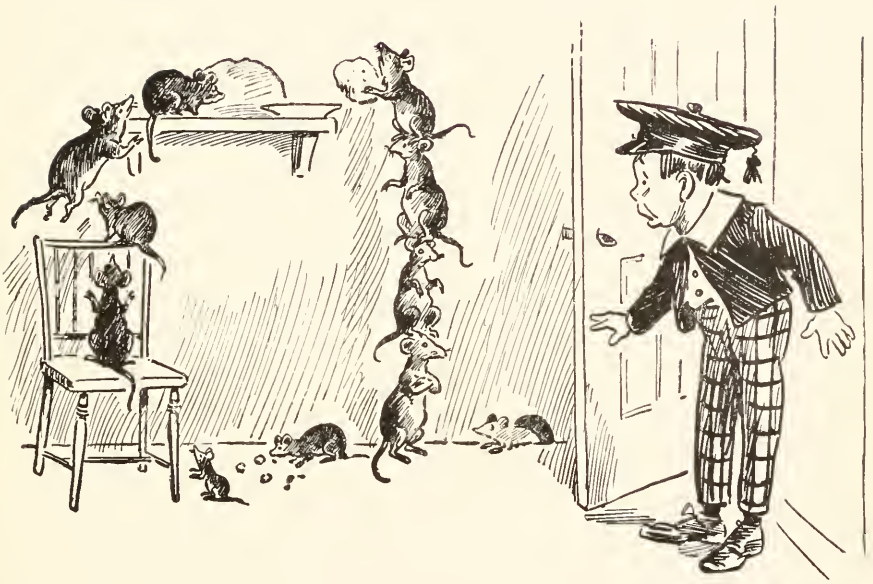
* * *

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep. A bed.

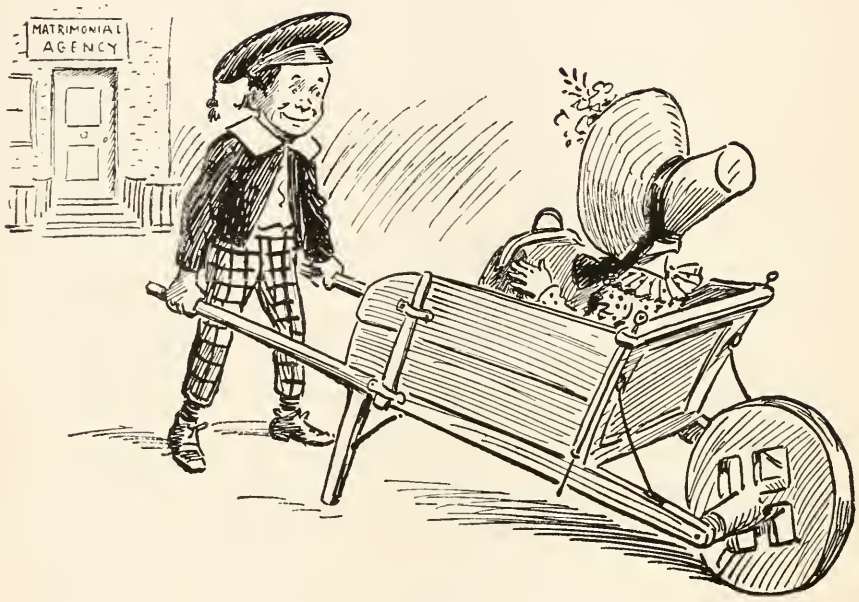
* * *

A HOUSE full, a yard full,
And ye can't catch a bowlful. Smoke.

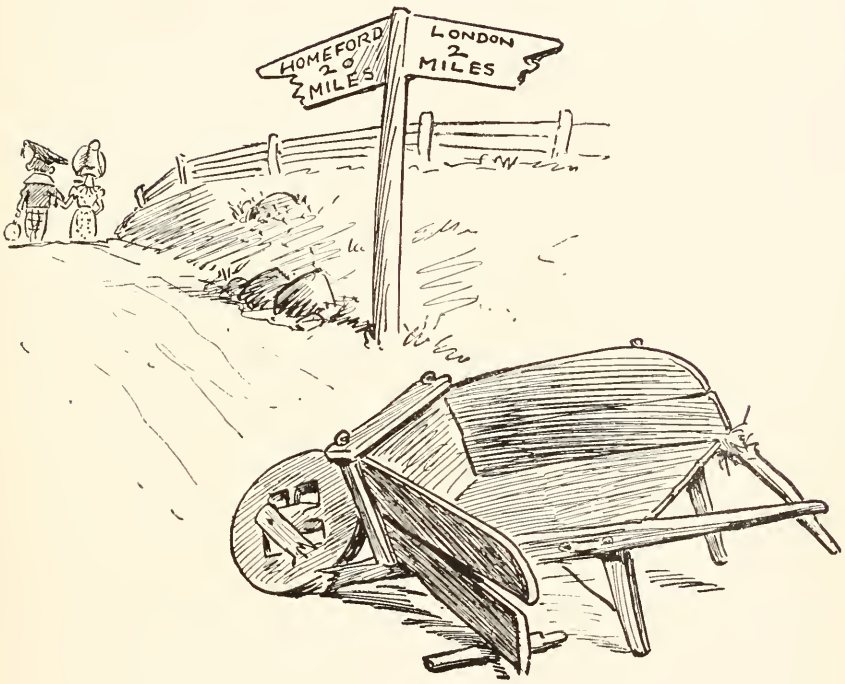
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.



WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife.



The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;



The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.

Pair of tongs.

* * *

AS I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

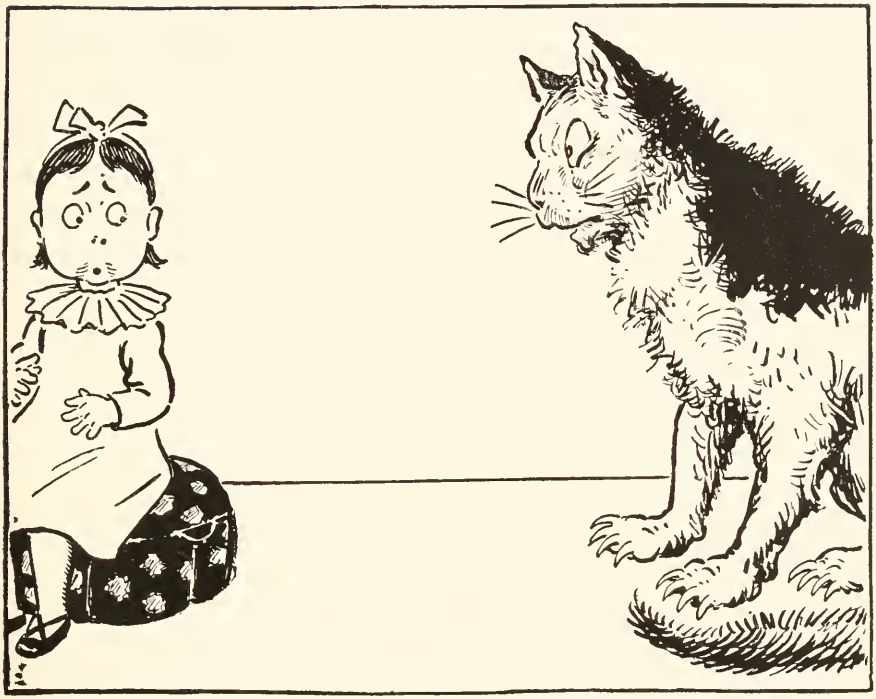
A cherry.

* * *

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipped to-morrow.

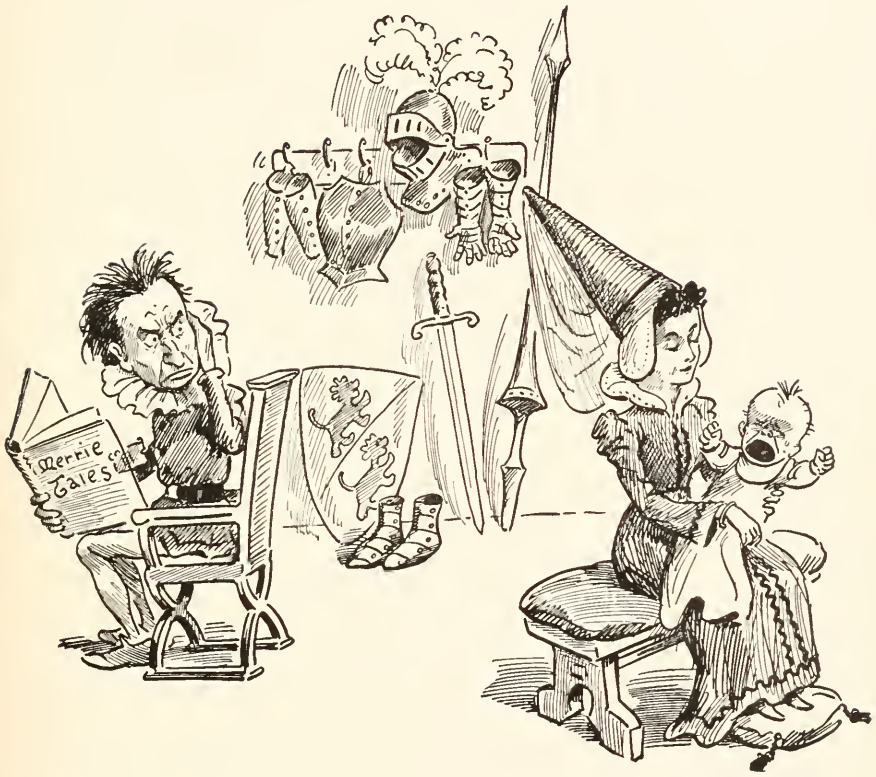
* * *

THE King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men,
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.



I LOVE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire, and give her some food,
And Pussy will love me, because I am good.

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,—
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.



HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

COCK A DOODLE DOO!

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle, doodle doo!

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.

* * *

WHEN I was a little boy I had but little wit;
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall until that I die,
For the longer I live the more fool am I.

G-150152

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry carol, ding, ding, ding!

★ ★ ★

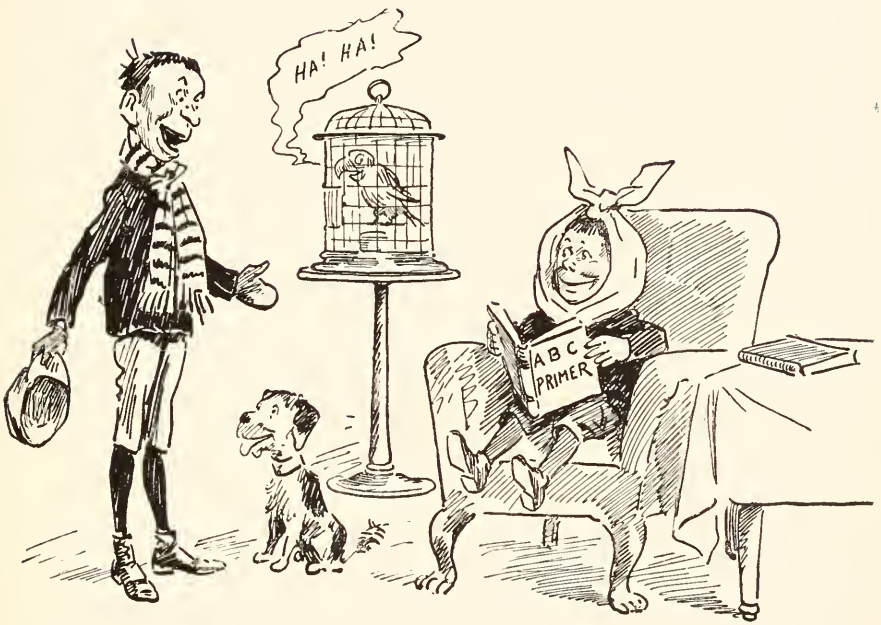
ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Powley runs away.

★ ★ ★

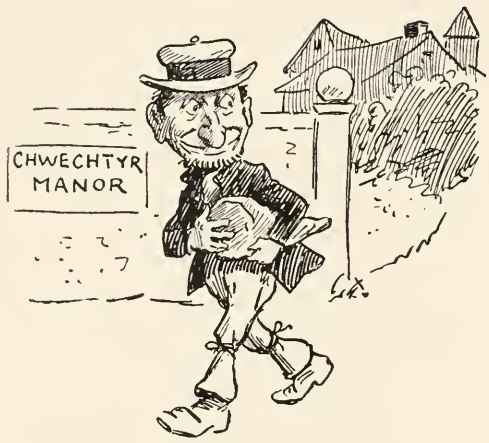
HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

★ ★ ★

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare;
But let the little colt go bare.



LITTLE Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad he could not learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long,
Singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

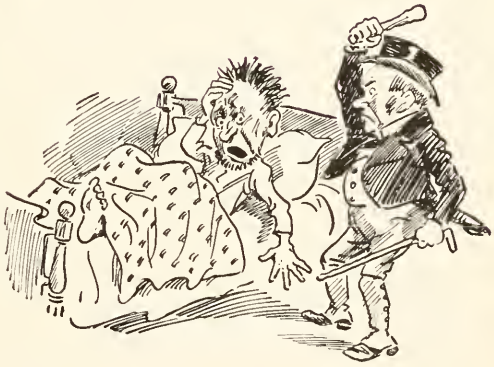


TAFFY was a Welsh-
man,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a leg of
beef.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was not at
home;

Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow-
bone.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed;
I took the marrow-
bone,
And broke Taffy's
head.



OLD Mother Goose, when she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air on a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house, 'twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door for sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack, a plain-looking lad:
Who was not very good, nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market, a live goose he bought:
"Here! mother," says he, "It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander grew very fond;
They'd both eat together, or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning, as I have been told,
His goose had laid him an egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother, the news for to tell.
She called him a good boy, and said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg to a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of the half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting a lady so gay,
As fair as the lily, and sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire came behind his back,
And began to belabor the sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose that instant came in,
And turned her son Jack into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea was thrown then,—
When Jack jumped in, and got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose, which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once his pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in, and caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back, flew up to the moon.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man
Clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
on the tree-top,
When the wind blows
the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends
the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
bough, cradle, and all.

* * *

ROBIN and Richard were
two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the
clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and
looks in the sky,
"Oh, brother Richard, the
sun's very high!
You go on with bottle and
bag,
And I'll come after with
jolly Jack Nag."

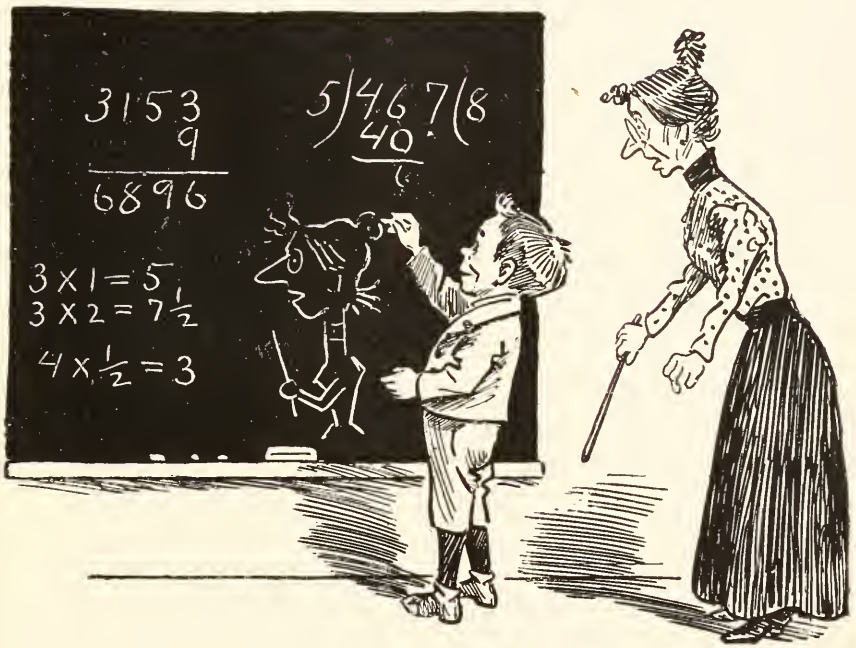
THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

GOOD KING ARTHUR.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.



MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

* * *

THE barber shaved the mason,
And, as I suppose,
Cut off his nose,
And popped it in the basin.

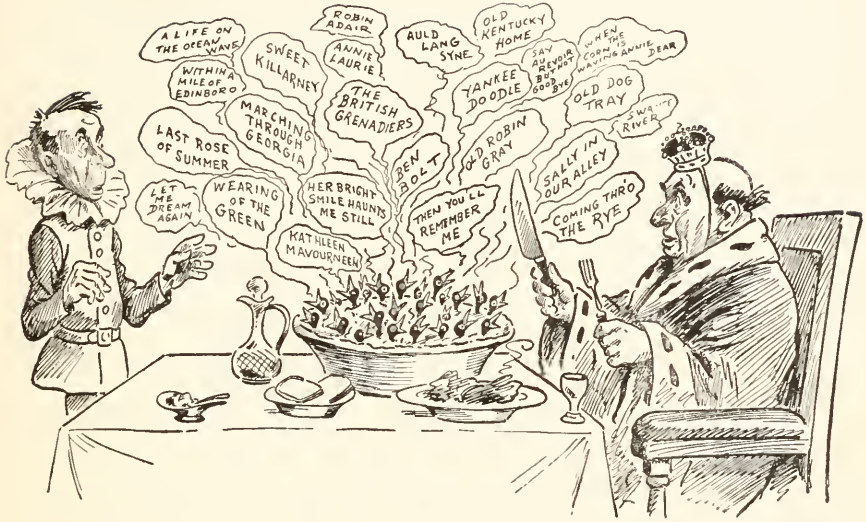
* * *

HICKORY, dickory, sackory down!
How many miles to Richmond town?
Turn to the left and turn to the right,
And you may get there by Saturday night.

* * *

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.
I am going to the meadows to see them mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.



SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
By came a little bird,
And snapped off her nose.

* * *

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
Her father was a miller:
He tossed the dumpling at her head,
And said he could not kill her.

* * *

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

* * *

TO make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put them out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

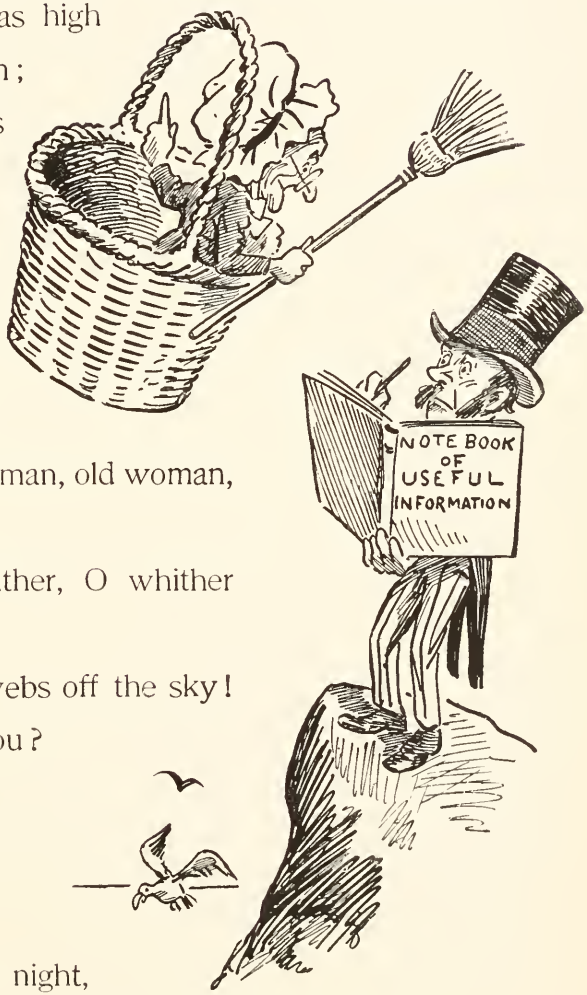
THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

TWO Robin Redbreasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky),
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and *who she is*
I'll tell you by and by,
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say "I'll try."

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Ninety times as high
as the moon;
And where she was
going, I couldn't
but ask it,
For in her hand
she carried a
broom.



Old woman, old woman, old woman,
quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither
so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with you?
Ay, by and by.

* * *

I SING, I sing,
From morn till night,
From cares I'm free, and my heart is light.

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid is not at home;
Saddle my hog and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

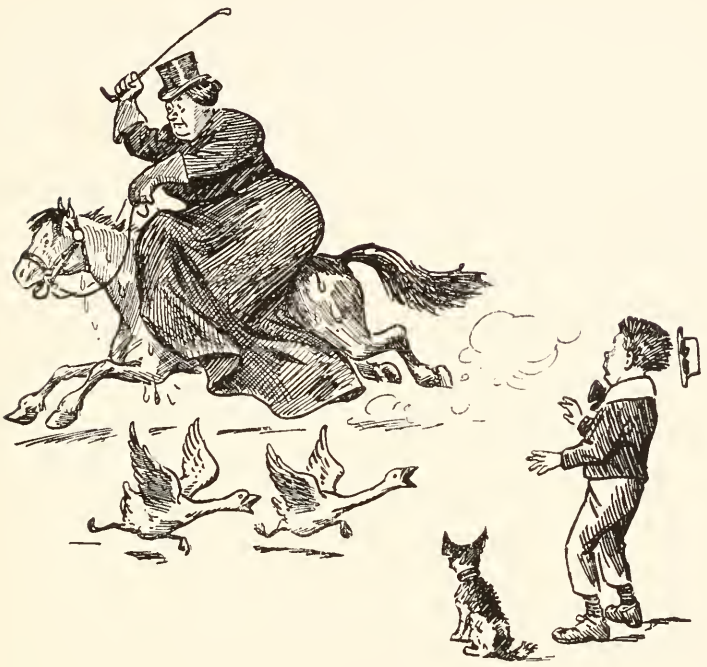
* * *

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a rail,
Niddle, naddle, went his head, wiggle, waddle, went his tail;
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a bridle,
With a pair of speckle legs, and a green girdle.

* * *

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses,
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.



I HAD a little pony;
They called him Dapple-gray.
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

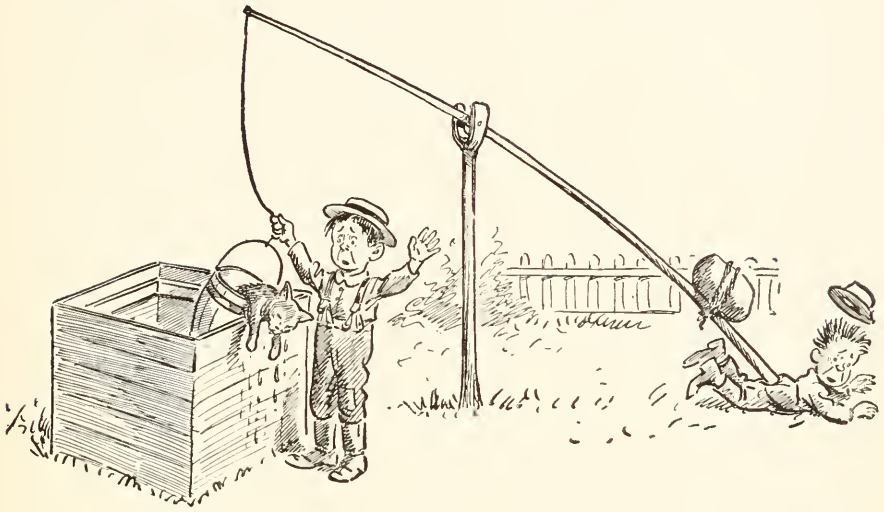
JOHN COOK'S LITTLE GRAY MARE.

JOHN COOK he had a little gray mare,
Hee, haw, hum;
Her legs were long and her back was bare,
Hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Bank,
Hee, haw, hum;
The mare she began to kick and to prank,
Hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Hill,
Hee, haw, hum;
His mare fell down and made her will,
Hee, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf,
Hee, haw, hum;
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself,
Hee, haw, hum.



DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
Thus to drown poor pussy cat.

DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.
You shall have a fishy,
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat comes in.

* * *

IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side.

* * *

PEASE pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

GOOD DOBBIN.

OH! thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a long track,
And have carried papa all the way on your back;
You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin, indeed,
For you've brought papa home to his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain beat,
And the thick mud has covered his legs and his feet.
But yet on he galloped in spite of the rain,
And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,
And papa could not see the road where he should go,
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,
And has brought papa home again safe to his child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw;
Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,
For you've brought papa home to his darling again.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good
boy am I!"

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you do there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

* * *

ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve;
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids in waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty.

* * *

I HAVE a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep,
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

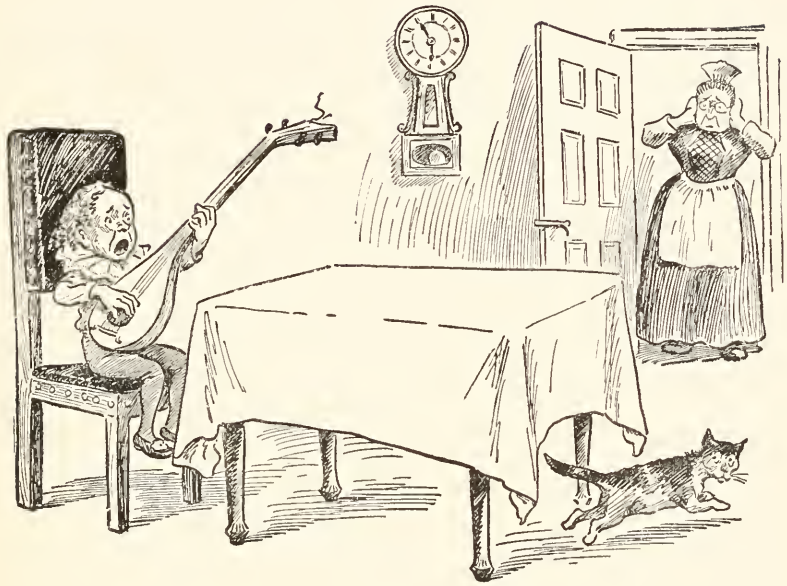
"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

MY LADY WIND.

MY Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house, to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered;
From it she raised up such a flame
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find;
Take my advice, restrain your tongue,
Remember what old Nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.



LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper:
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

OLD mother Widdle Waddle jumped out of bed,
And out of the casement she popped her head,
Crying, "The house is on fire, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox has come to the town, oh!"

* * *

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring one leg back.

* * *

THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnny King through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

A LITTLE boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

* * *

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run,
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

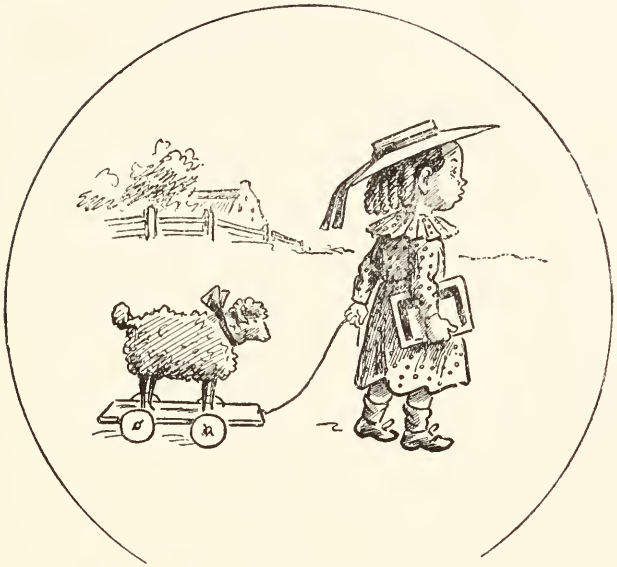
A FARMER WENT TROTTING UPON HIS GRAY MARE.

A FARMER went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day.
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

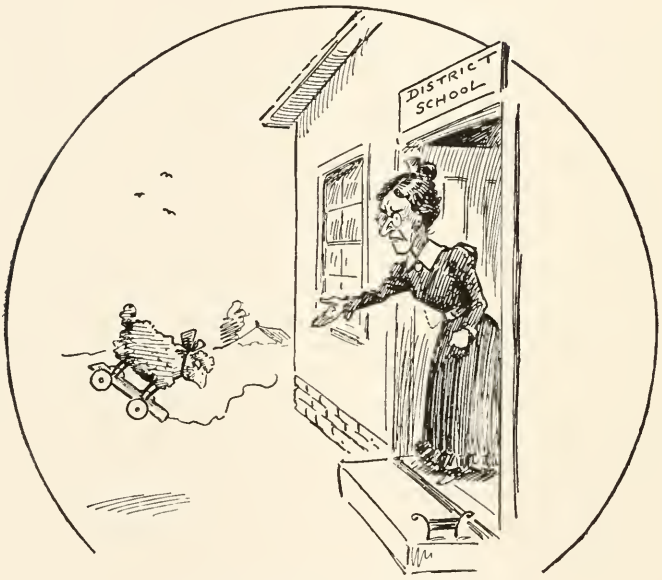
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.



MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

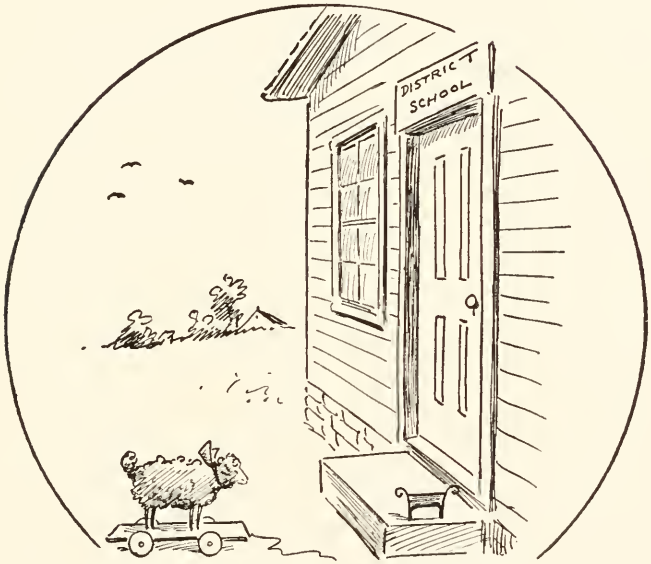
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.



"AND SO THE TEACHER TURNED HIM OUT."

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.



"BUT STILL HE LINGERED NEAR."

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.

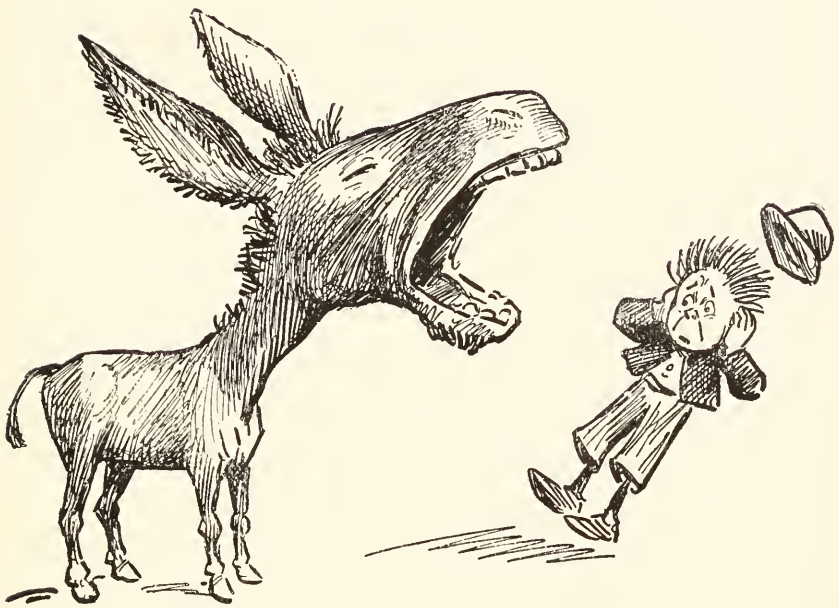
THE old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean, and fit to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

* * *

WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

* * *

THERE were three crows sat on a stone,
Fal la, la la lal de,
Two flew away, and then there was one,
Fal la, la la lal de,
The other crow finding himself alone,
Fal la, la la lal de,
He flew away, and then there was none,
Fal la, la la lal de.



DONKEY, donkey, old and gray,
Ope your mouth and gently bray,
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

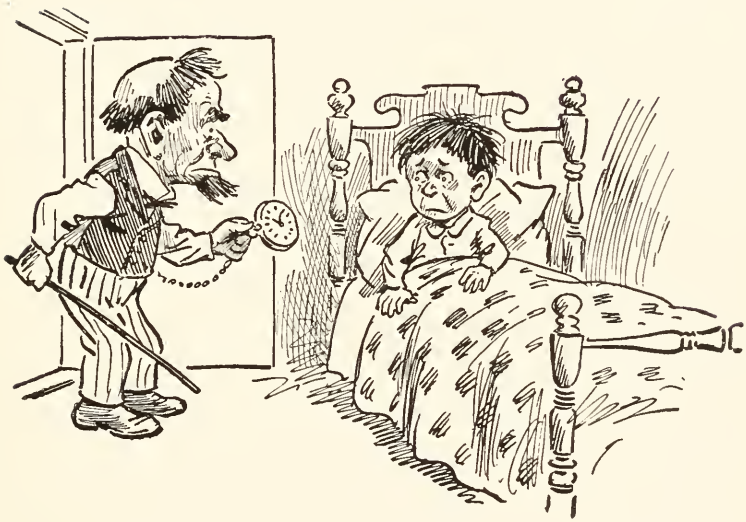
* * *

UP hill and down dale,
Butter is made in every vale;
And if Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

* * *

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

COCK crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise:



For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

THERE was an old woman lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies.

THE YOUNG LINNETS.

DID you ever see the nest
Of Chaffinch or of Linnet,
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it,

Gaping wide their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Caterpillar, worm, and grub,
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother-bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them each, by turns,
A proper share of food.

She has hopped from spray to spray,
  And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves
  Where caterpillars lie.

She has searched among the grass,
  And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats and flies, to feed
  Her little family.

I have seen the Linnets chirp,
  And shake their downy wings:
They are pleased to see her come,
  And pleased with what she brings.

But I never saw them look
  Impatient for their food:
Somebody, at dinner-time,
  Is seldom quite so good.

PINCHING, plodding Peter Clide,
Never gave a cent!
His only sorrow, when he died,
Was for a dollar lent.

Pinching, plodding Peter Clide,
Labored hard for money;
When he got it, then he died
And left it all to sonny.

THERE was an old crow
Sat upon a clod,
There's an end of my song,
That's very odd.

* * *

JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

* * *

AT early morn the spiders spin,
And by and by the flies drop in:
And when they call, the spiders say,
Take off your things, and stay all day!

JERRY HALL, he is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

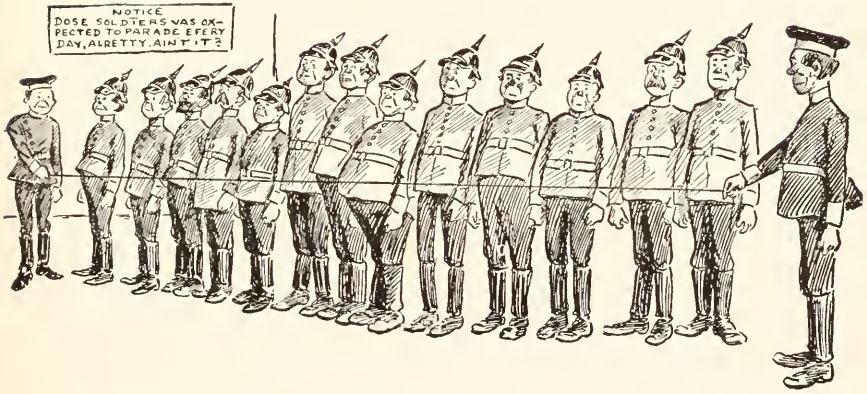
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

"We may not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land.

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school."

CHARLEY, Charley, stole the barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out,
And gave him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

* * *



NIXIE, Dixie, hickory bow,
Thirteen Dutchmen in a row;
Two corporals hold a piece of twine,
To help the Dutchmen form a line.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

* * *

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow,
Says he, I will shoot the little cock sparrow.

His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.
Says the little cock sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,
So he clapped his wings and flew away.

* * *

YOU shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket
When papa comes home.

LITTLE Bob Snooks was fond
of his books,
And loved by his usher and
master;

But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black
eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.

WHEN little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma and then papa,
And straightway went up-stairs.

* * *

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

* * *

GEORGIE PORGIE, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

JEANNIE, come tie my,
Jeannie, come tie my,
Jeannie, come tie my bonny cravat;
I've tied it behind,
I've tied it before,
And I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.

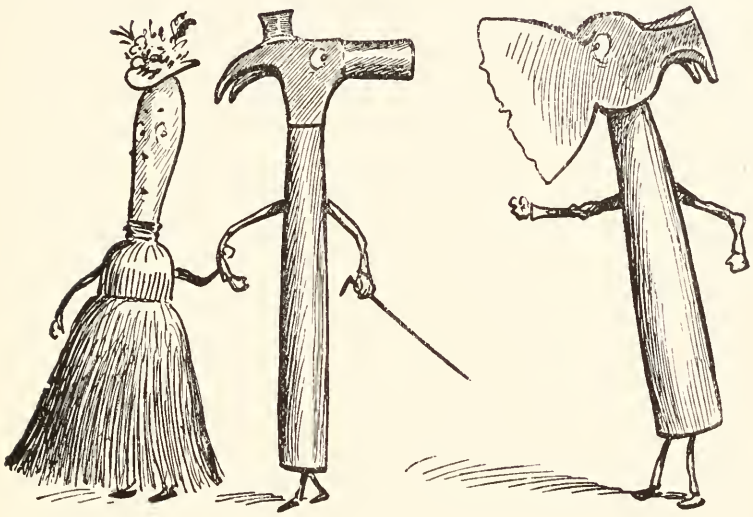
THE Cuckoo's a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.
She sucks little birds' eggs,
To make her voice clear,
And never cries "Cuckoo!"
Till spring-time of the year.

* * *

THE rose is red, the violet's blue;
The pink is sweet, and so are you.

* * *

WHEN the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.



WAS ever heard such noise and clamor!
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer!

* * *

TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
Richard went to buy a mop,
Tommy gave him such a whop,
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,
The little Turtle-dove
Made a pretty little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Who was sitting close by.

"Coo," said the Turtle-dove,
"Coo," said she;
"Oh, I love thee," said the Turtle-dove.
"And I love THEE."
In the long shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
How happy were the Doves
In their little nursery!

The young Turtle-doves
  Never quarrelled in the nest;
For they dearly loved each other,
  Though they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little Doves.
  "Coo," said she.
And they played together kindly
  In the dark pine-tree.

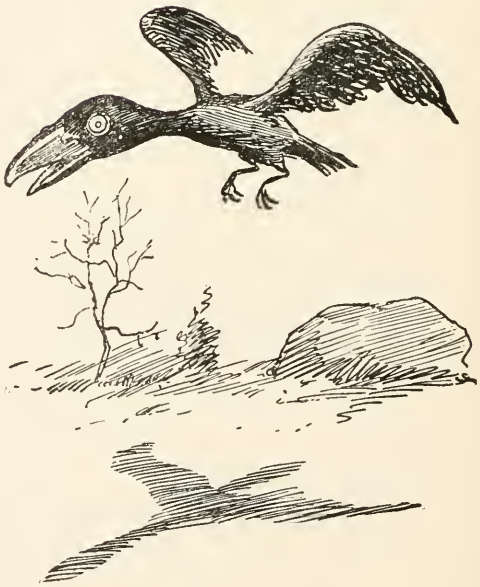
In this nursery of yours,
  Little sister, little brother,
Like the Turtle-dove's nest—
  Do you love one another?
Are you kind, are you gentle.
  As children ought to be?
Then the happiest of nests
  Is your own nursery.

* * *

RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
  And never come back again.

THERE was a monkey
climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then
down fell he.

There was a crow sat
on a stone,
When he was gone,
then there was none.



There was a butcher
cut his thumb,
When it did bleed,
then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran
a race,
When he ran fast, he
ran apace.

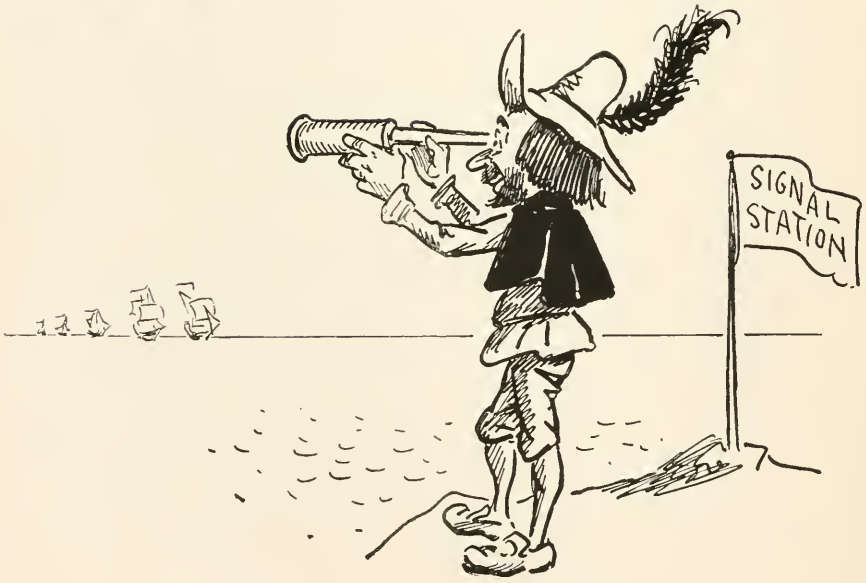
There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a chandler
making candle,
When he them stript, he
did them handle.

There was a cobbler
clouting shoon,
When they were mend-
ed, they were done.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eaten two, she had eaten a couple.

There was a navy went to Spain,
When it returned, it came back again.



THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE Brown Owl sits in the ivy-bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim gray light, it was all too bright
For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little bird
"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking at
With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great Brown Owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all,
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

* * *

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A WOOD.

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day,
As his wife could do in three.

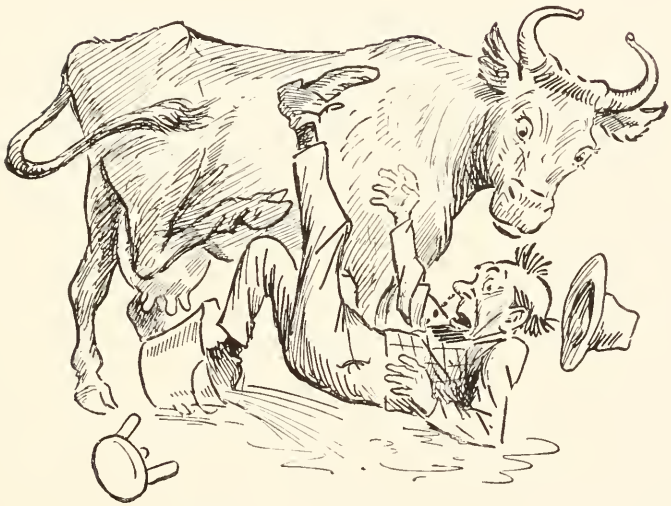
"With all my heart," the old woman said;
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough;

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;

But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

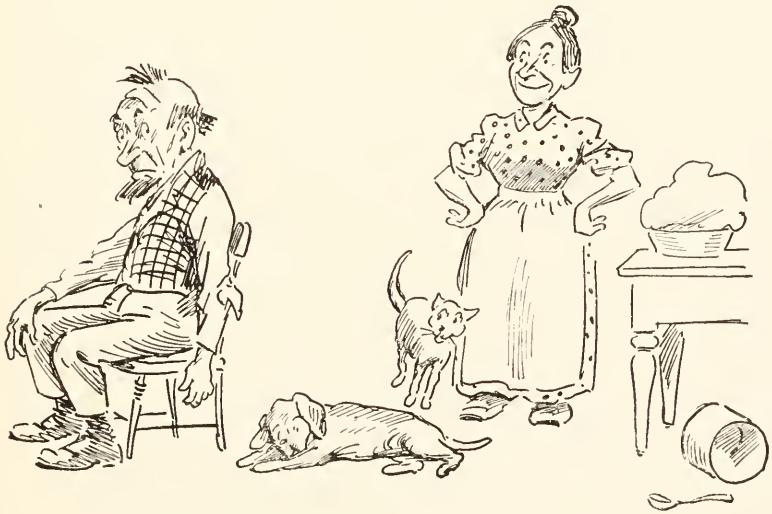


"Hi! Tidy! ho! Tidy! hi!
Tidy, do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

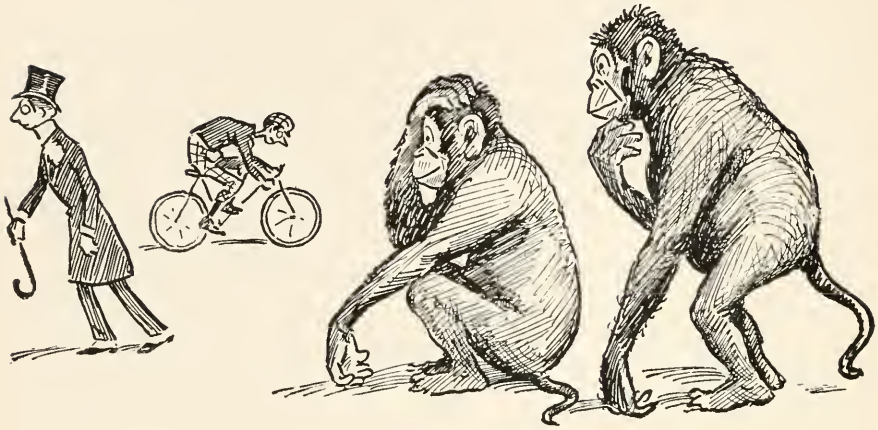
So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,



If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

TOMMY SNOOKS AND BESSY BROOKS.

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
Wilt marry me on Monday?



TWO monkeys came from their native wood,
To view the haunts and ways of men;
Two mortal hours they silent stood.

And then, content, went back again.

THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

A FOX jumped up on a moonlight night,
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, heigho!"

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listened awhile;
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, heigho!"

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Whom should he see but the farmer's drake:
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, heigho!"

The gray goose ran right round the haystack.
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "you are very fat;
You'll do very well to ride on my back,
From this into yonder town, heigho!"

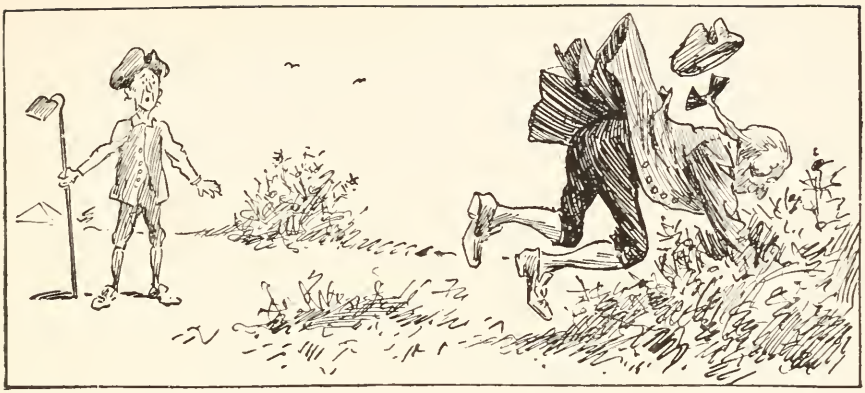
The farmer's wife she jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head;
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, heigho!"

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
"Ah, ha!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town, heigho!"

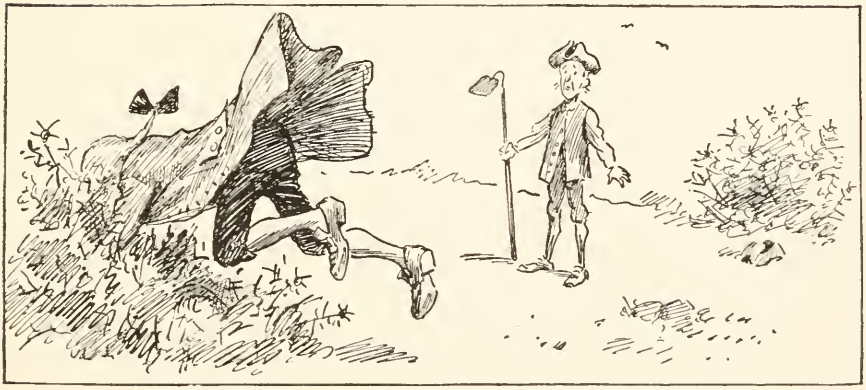
* * *

A LITTLE green bird sat on a fence rail,
Chee-choo, chee-choo, chee!
It's song was the sweetest that ever I heard;
Chee-choo, chee-choo, chee!

I ran for some salt to put on its tail;
Chee-choo, chee-choo, chee!
But while I was gone away flew the bird;
Chee-choo, chee-choo, chee!



THERE was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes:
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched 'em in again.



RUMSEY DUMSEY'S come
to town,
On a speckled pony;
He wears a hat without a
crown,
And says he has no money.

* * *

FAL de ral daddle,
A pig on a saddle,
The cat jumped over the
house;
The dog with a fiddle,
Cried hey diddle, diddle,
And the trap run off with
the mouse.

* * *

COME when you're called,
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.

DAME DUCK'S LESSONS TO HER DUCKLINGS.

OLD Mother Duck has hatched a brood
Of ducklings, small and callow:
Their little wings are short, their down
Is mottled gray and yellow.

There is a quiet little stream,
That runs into the moat,
Where tall green sedges spread their leaves,
And water-lilies float.

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest,
Of straw, and leaves, and withered grass,
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out,—
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back:
"That's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
"Get off! quack, quack, quack, quack!"

"'Tis close," said Dame Duck, shoving out
The egg-shells with her bill,
"Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me:
A well-bred duck should waddle so,
From side to side,—d'ye see?"

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain:
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do,—try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on.
"That's better," said their mother;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight,—one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row:
"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck,—
Splash, splash! and in they go.

"Let me swim first," said old Dame Duck,
"To this side, now to that;
There, snap at those great brown-winged flies,
They make young ducklings fat.

"Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
The hen-wife, Molly Head,
Will feed you, with the other fowls,
On bran and mashed-up bread;

"The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
I hope that all of you
Will gobble up the food as fast
As well-bred ducks should do.

"You'd better get into the dish,
Unless it is too small;
In that case, I should use my foot,
And overturn it all."

The ducklings did as they were bid,
And found the plan so good,
That, from that day, the other fowls
Got hardly any food.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little flute,
And every pleasant night
It was sure to tooty-toot.

* * *

FINIKIN, winikin, wo,
I think we shall have
some snow;
And Charley and Ned
Must have a new sled,
Finikin, winikin, wo!

* * *

A FAMOUS old woman
was Madam McBright,
She slept all the day, she
slept all the night;
One hour was given to vict-
uals and drink,
And only a minute was taken
to think.

ABOUT THE BUSH, WILLY.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
About the beehive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle,
And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new coat.

BYE, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

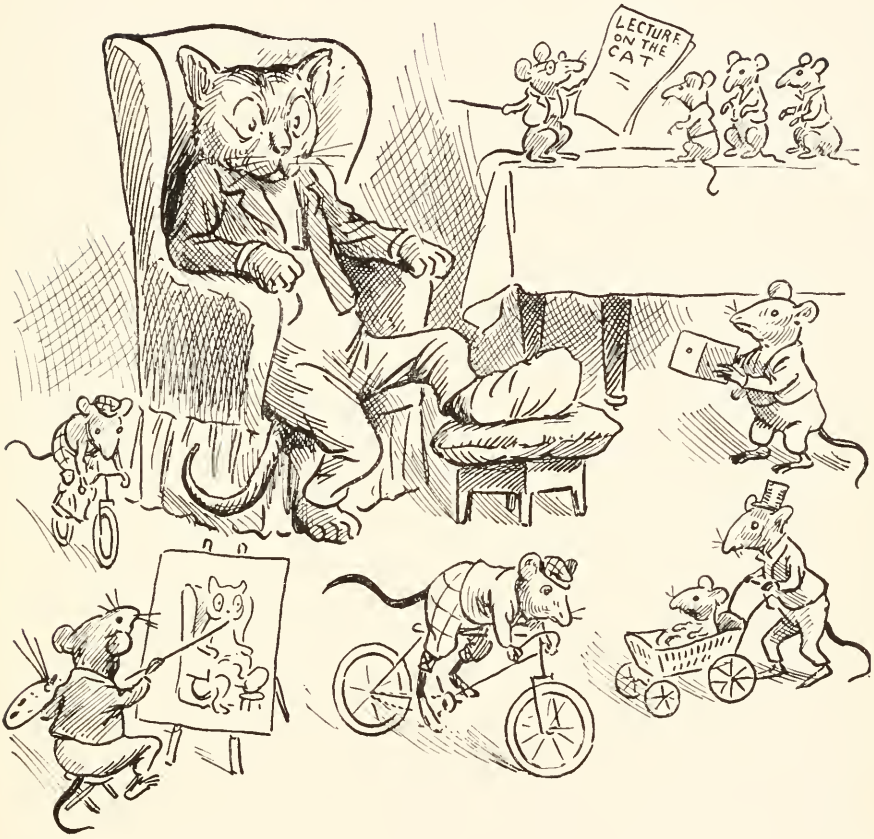
A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee:
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

* * *

CORPORAL TIM
Was dressed so trim,
He thought each eye admiring him;
But sad to say,
The very first day
We had a fight,
He died of fright,
And so we lost our Corporal Tim.

* * *

DOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;
Cows in the cornfield, fun, boys, fun;
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run, girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.



MY pussy cat
Has got the gout,
And the rats and mice
Can play about.

CACKLE, cackle, Madam Goose!
Have you any feathers loose?
Truly have I, little fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow;
And here are quills, take one or ten,
And make from each pop-gun or pen.

* * *

A CERTAIN young farmer of Ayr,
Started with sheep for the fair.
He reached the new bridge of Dover,
And, leaving his sheep, went over.
At the end of the bridge is an inn,
Where often before he had been;
Of the inns of the town 'twas the best,
And the farmer said, "Here I will rest."
The number of sheep was so great,
So narrow, too, was the sheep-gate,
That to get them all over, and where
Was resting the farmer of Ayr,
Will take us nine days, maybe ten:
The story must stop until then.

LITTLE Miss Donnet
Wears a huge bonnet;
And hoops half as wide
As the mouth of the Clyde.

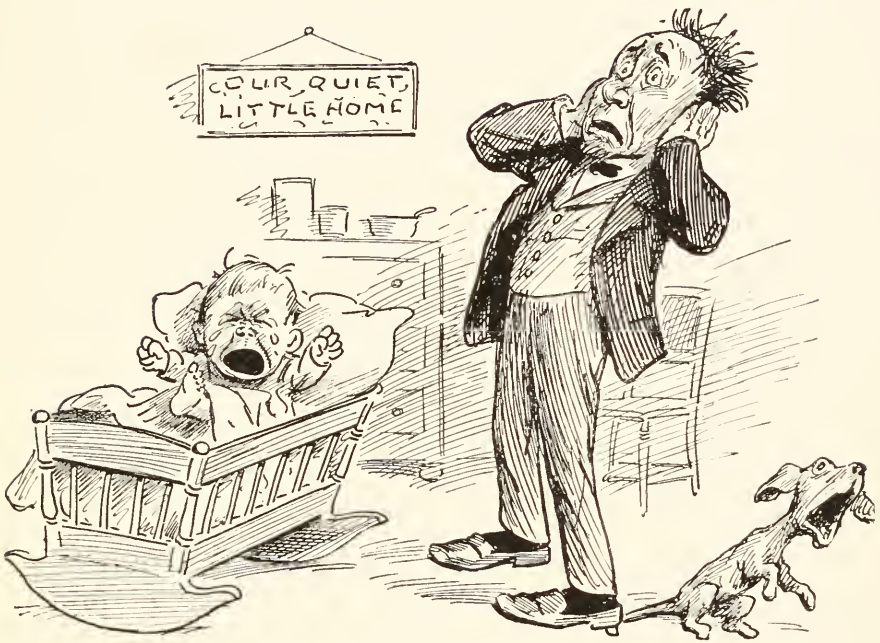
BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG.

BOW-WOW, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what sparrows say you know.

So, with sparrows, and owls,
With rats, and with dogs,
With ducks, and with crows,
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.



HUSH-A-BY, baby, lie still in the cradle,
Mother has gone to buy a soup ladle:
When she comes back, she'll bring us some meat,
And father and baby shall have some to eat.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S-NEST?

"TO-WHIT! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did not take your nest away;
Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow,
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave some hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take;
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow."

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word or two:
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no,
I would not treat a poor bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's-nest to-day."

"Chuck! chuck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Chuck! chuck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir.
Let us find out his name,
And all cry—For shame!"

A little boy hung down his head
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast;
And he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell his name.

* * *

COME to the window,
My baby, with me,
And look at the stars
That shine on the sea!
There are two little stars
That play at bo-peep
With two little fish
Far down in the deep;
And two little frogs
Cry neap, neap, neap;
I see a dear baby
That should be asleep.

PADDY MALONY
Had a black pony,
As blind as a pony could be;
Says Paddy, "'Tis bad,
But I'll mend it, my lad,
Spectacles sure'll make him see!"

A DOG AND A COCK.

A DOG and a cock a journey once took,
They travelled along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free in the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.

The cock, nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, "I declare
Your voice is above
All the creatures I ever did see.

"Oh, would you come down,
I the fav'rite might own!"
Said the cock, "There's a porter below;
If you will go in,
I promise I'll come down."
So he went,—and was worried for it, too.

CANTALOUPES! Cantaloupes! What is the price?
Eight for a dollar, and all very nice.

* * *

WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds, for now it's eight o'clock?"

THE giant Jim, great giant grim,
Wears a hat without a brim,
Weighs a ton, and wears a blouse,
And trembles when he meets a mouse.

* * *

AS I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me:
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself, or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

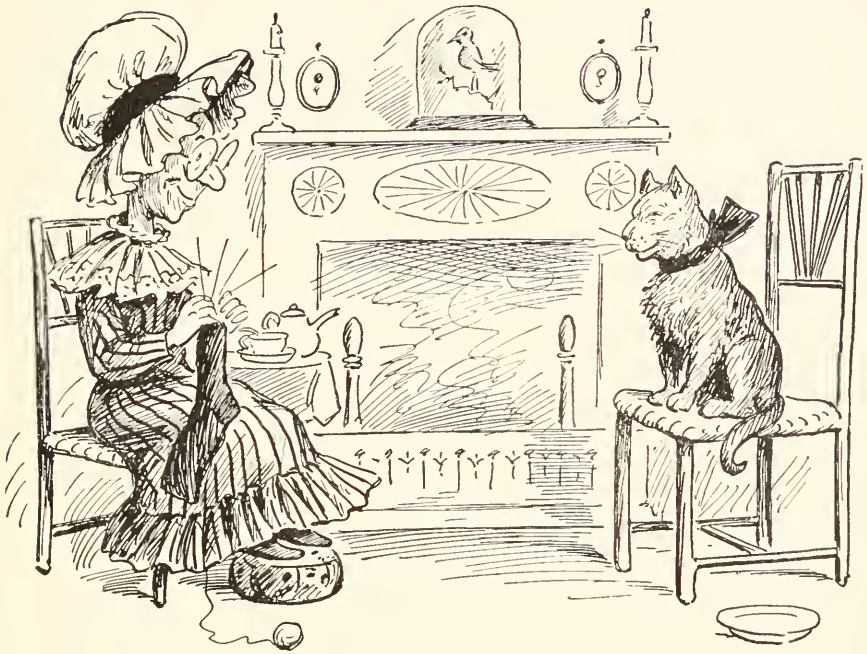
A DOG and a cat went out together,
To see some friends just out of town;
Said the cat to the dog,
"What d'ye think of the weather?"
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down;
But don't be alarmed, for I've an umbrella
That will shelter us both," said this amiable fellow.

* * *

AN apple pie, when it looks nice,
Would make one long to have a slice,
But if the taste should prove so, too,
I fear one slice would scarcely do.
So to prevent my asking twice,
Pray, mamma, cut a good large slice.

* * *

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail!



DAME TROT and her cat
Sat down for to chat,
The Dame sat on this side,
And Puss sat on that.
"Puss," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr," says the cat.

COME, MY CHILDREN, COME AWAY.

COME, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and books and posies see;
Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children, too, may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn-tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

BUTTONS a farthing a pair,
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for the girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me,
Buttons a farthing a pair?

* * *

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them, he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again!

* * *

A SILVER cup with name upon it;
A china doll with muff and bonnet;
An old gray cat with pretty kittens;
A rabbit-cape and scarlet mittens,
All these are on the Christmas tree,
As gifts for baby and for me.

SEE, see, what shall we see?
An old man tie a calf to a tree.
And when I see it, what shall I say?
If you please, old man!
Oh, take it away?

BILLY, BILLY, COME AND PLAY.

"BILLY, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day."

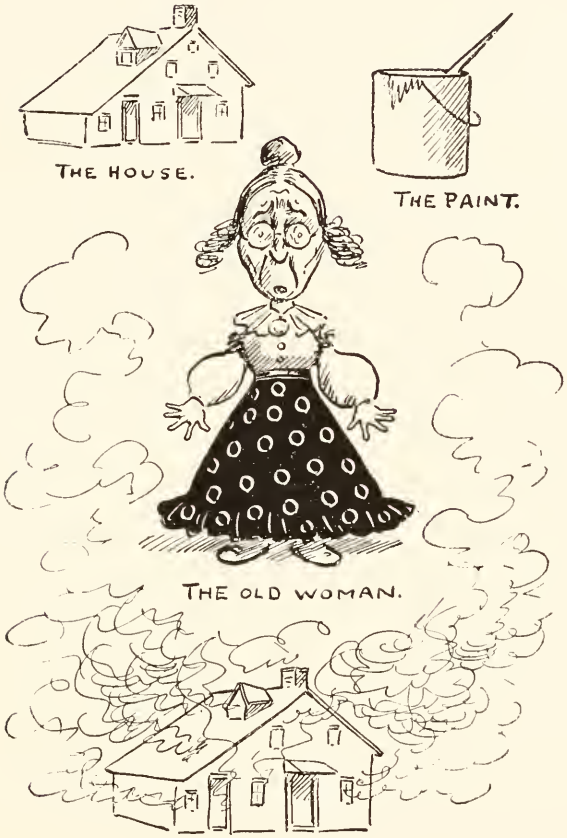
"Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still."

"Billy, Billy, have you seen,
Sam and Betsy on the green?"

"Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass."

"Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song."

"Oh, then, Polly, I'll make haste,
Not one moment will I waste,
But will come and hear you sing,
And my fiddle I will bring."



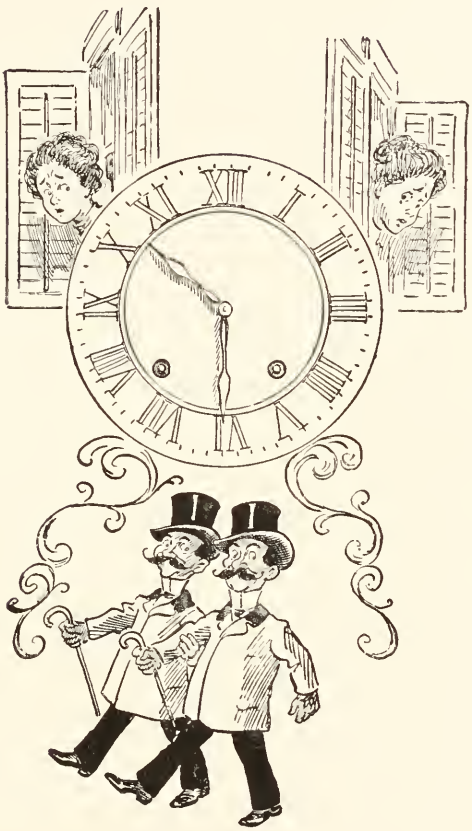
AN old woman lived in Nottingham town,
Who owned a small house, and painted it brown;
And yet this old woman grew crazy with fright,
Lest some one should burn her house in the night.

A LITTLE cockerel, pert and vain
(Grown fat and fierce by eating grain),
The only pet of mother dear,
Would brook no other cockerel near;
And e'en when other cockerels crowed,
You'd think with rage he'd soon explode.

One day a pond he chanced to pass,
And glancing in, as in a glass,
He saw himself reflected there.
He paused an instant just to stare:
Believing that a foe he'd found,
Straight in he dashed and soon was drowned.

* * *

AH! hear the wind blow!
And see the deep snow!
Where now are the birds we loved to hear sing?
They're where 'tis warm,
They're free of all harm,
They'll come back again in the spring, in the spring.

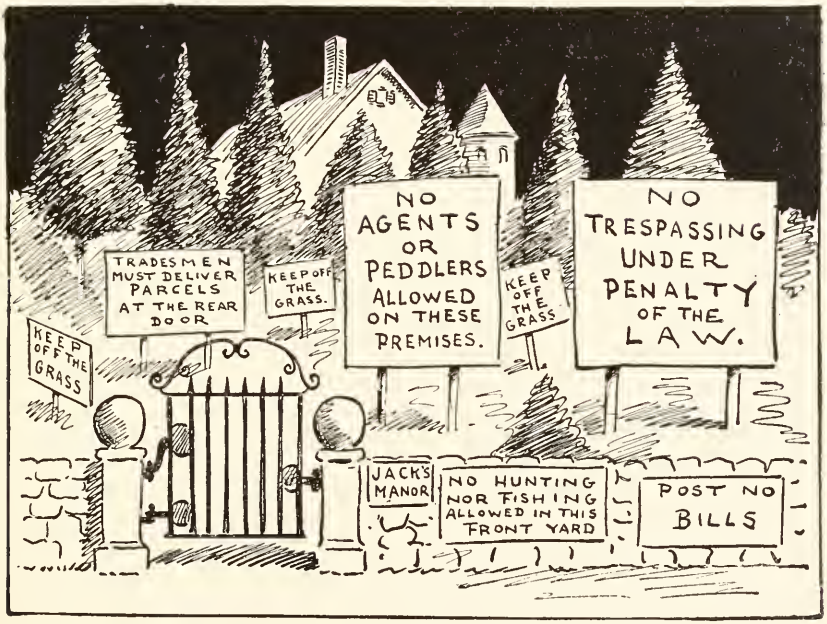


ALBERT and Arthur are two nice men,
That never go home till half-past ten;
What they do out, or where they can go,
Their two little wives are anxious to know.

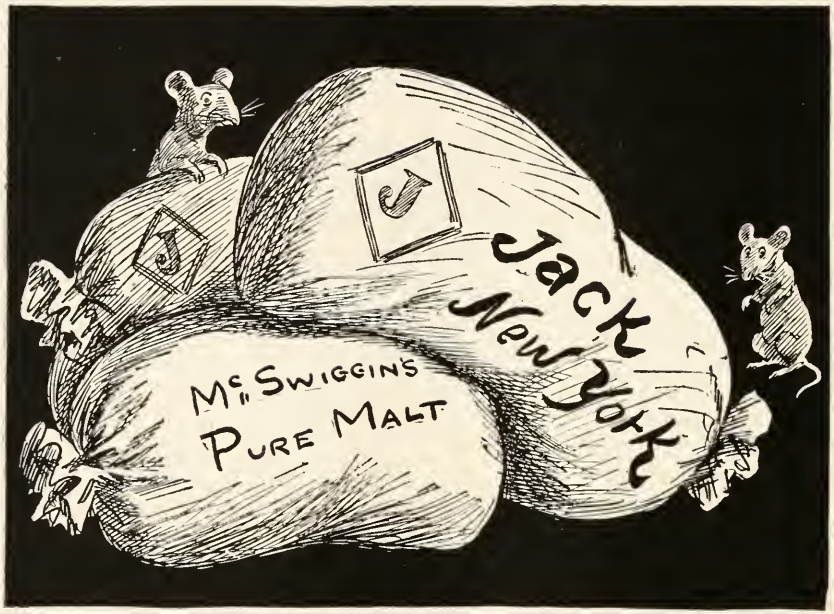
LITTLE DARLING NED.

LITTLE darling Ned,
Sleeping on the bed:
Long before the precious one could speak,
Carlo espied him,
And jumped up beside him,
And licked him all over his cheek.
Ned opened his eyes
With a look of surprise:
Not Cupid himself was so fair:
Then patting his head,
Our dear little Ned
Lay twisting and curling his hair.
Good nursey was there,
In mother's arm-chair,
Alarmed for her pet, I dare say:
She ran to the bed,
And caught little Ned,
And drove doggy Carlo away.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.


TRADESMEN MUST DELIVER PARCELS AT THE REAR DOOR
KEEP OFF THE GRASS.
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
NO AGENTS OR PEDDLERS ALLOWED ON THESE PREMISES.
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
NO TRESPASSING UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW.
JACK'S MANOR
NO HUNTING NOR FISHING ALLOWED IN THIS FRONT YARD
POST NO BILLS

THIS is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,

That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

* * *

ELSIE MARLEY is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey;
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

CROSS-PATCH, draw the latch,
And sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

BABY, my dolly, oh, she never cries!
Lie still, my darling, and close little eyes!
Mother must go, dear, and look for the others,—
All the dear sisters, and all the dear brothers.

* * *

"CROAK!" said the toad, "I'm hungry, I think;
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink.
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, ho!" quoth the frog, "is that what you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream;
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

* * *

BIRD, oh, bird, come under my bonnet,
And you shall have bread with honey upon it;
You shall have sugar, in coffee and tea,
And play every day with baby and me.

LITTLE Poll Parrot
Sat in her garret,
Eating toast and tea;
A little brown mouse
Jumped into the house,
And stole it all away.

LITTLE belle Bond, that lives by the pond,
Has two little gold fish of which she is fond;
Little belle Bond, the beautiful blonde.

* * *

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, whence do you come?
I know not, I ask not, I never had home.
Butterfly, butterfly, where do you go?
Where the sun shines, and where the buds grow.

* * *

IF ifs and ands
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

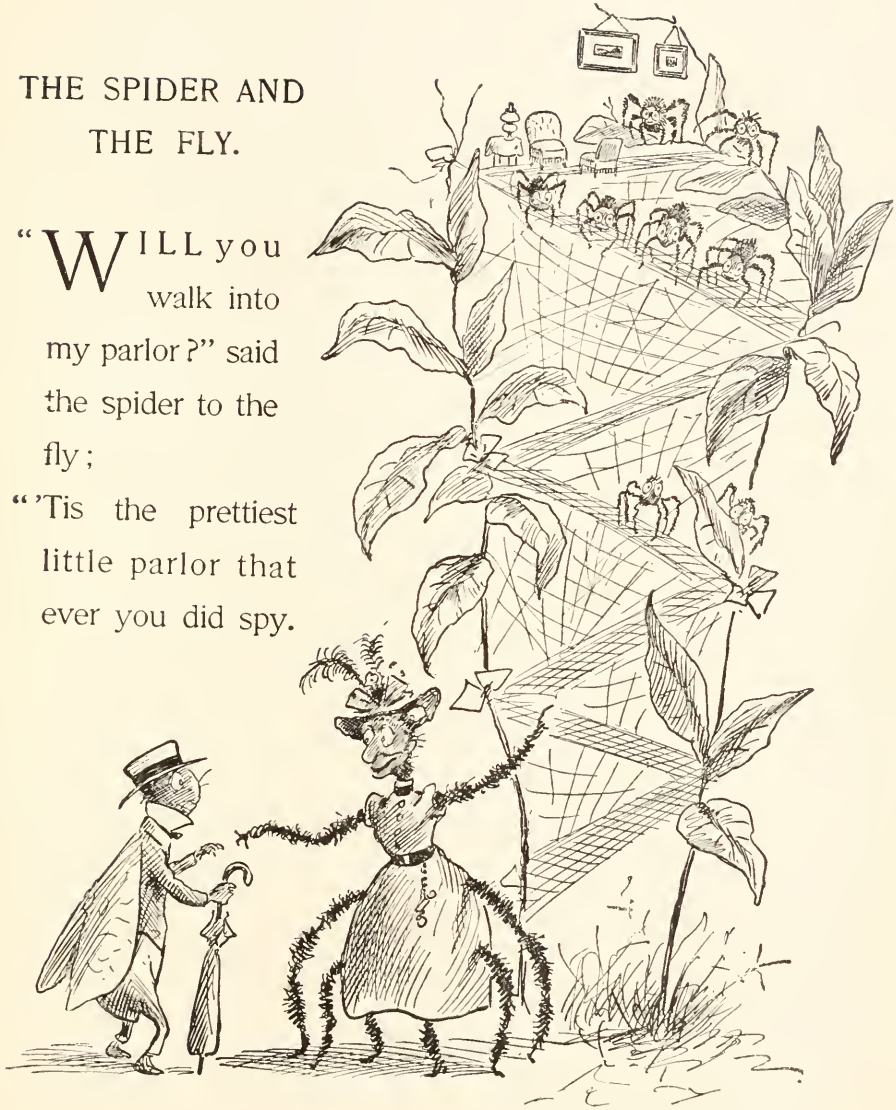
* * *

OLD Toby Sizer is such a miser,
No cloak he'll buy to keep him dry, sir;
He'll not permit his neighbor Randal
To light his pipe by his short candle,
For fear, he says, he might convey
A little bit of light away.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.



The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;
And I have many curious things to show you when you're there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly,—
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?"

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased
to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

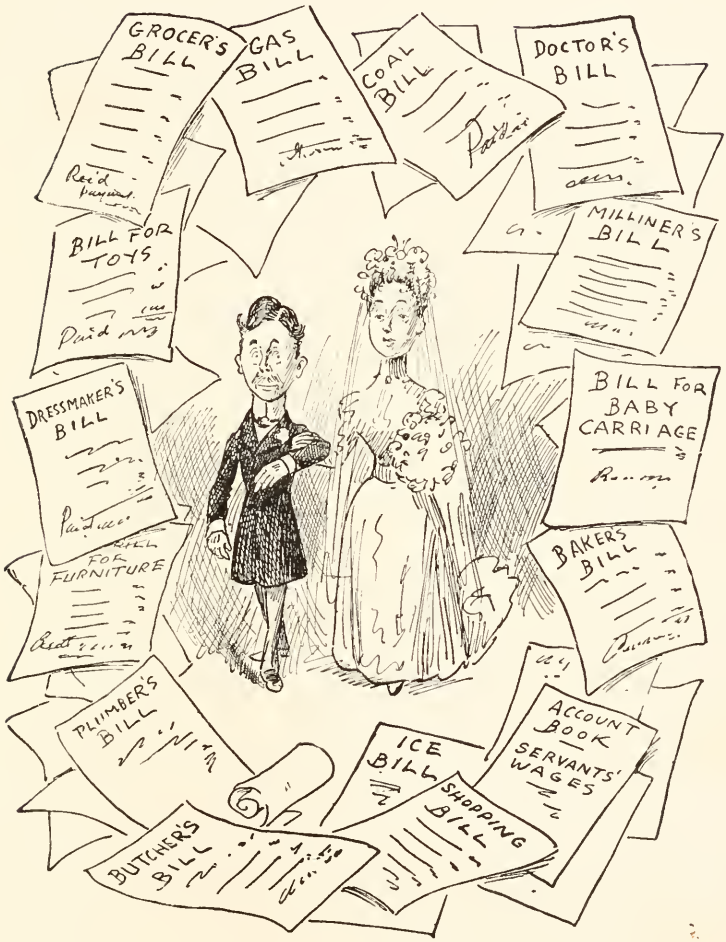
The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back
again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver
wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your
head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as
lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast!
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor,—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

* * *

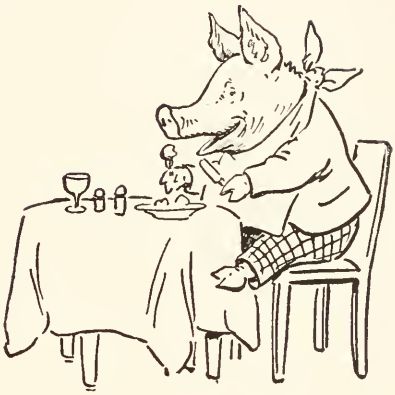
MULEY cow, Muley cow, why do you low,
Has butcherman taken your baby, poor cow?
Oh! it was cruel to take it away!
But veal is good eating, the marketmen say.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

THIS little pig went to market;

This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig got roast beef;



This little pig got none;

This little pig cried,
"Wee, wee, wee!"
all the way home.

JACK JINGLE.

JACK JINGLE went 'prentice
To make a horseshoe,
He wasted the iron
Till it would not do.
His master came in,
And began for to rail;
Says Jack, "The shoe's spoiled,
But 'twill still make a nail."

He tried at the nail,
But, chancing to miss,
Says, "If it won't make a nail,
It shall yet make a hiss."
Then into the water
Threw the hot iron, smack.
"Hiss!" quoth the iron;
"I thought so," says Jack.

A DILLAR, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

MY learned friend and neighbor, Pig,
Odds bobs and bells, and dash my wig!
'Tis said that you the weather know;
Please tell me when the wind will blow?

* * *

POLLY, Dolly, Kate, and Molly,
All are filled with pride and folly.
Polly tattles, Dolly wriggles,
Katy rattles, Molly giggles;
Who e'er knew such constant rattling,
Wriggling, giggling, noise, and tattling.

* * *

THE bright silver moon is like a great can,
And in it, I'm told, is a nice little man;
Nurse saw him to-night,
With thumb in his eye,
And baby is list'ning to hear if he cry.

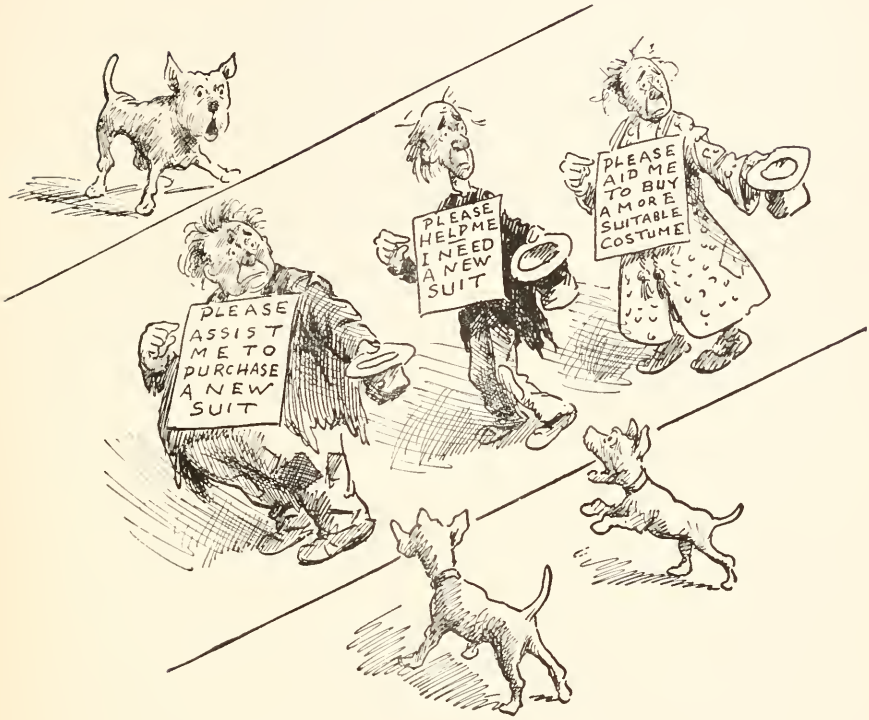
* * *

BAD little mosquito, do bite if you will!
But if I can catch you, be sure I will kill.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE OLD WOMAN?

HAVE you seen the old woman of Banbury Cross,
Who rode to the fair on the top of her horse?
And since her return she still tells, up and down,
Of the wonderful lady she saw when in town.
She has a small mirror in each of her eyes,
And her nose is a bellows of minikin size;
There's a neat little drum fix'd in each of her ears,
Which beats a tattoo to whatever she hears.
She has in each jaw a fine ivory mill,
And day after day she keeps grinding it still.
Both an organ and flute in her small throat are placed,
And they are played by a steam-engine worked in her breast.
But the wonder of all, in her mouth, it is said,
She keeps a loud bell that might waken the dead;
And so frightened the woman, and startled the horse,
That they galloped full speed back to Banbury Cross.



HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

LITTLE Queen Pippin once built a hotel,
How long and how high, I'm sure I can't tell;
The walls were of sugar, as white as the snow,
And jujube windows were placed in a row,
The columns were candy, and all very tall,
And a roof of choice cakes was spread over all.

* * *

ONCE I saw a little bird,
Sitting on a cherry tree,
And its little song I heard,
While its eye it winked at me.
Then I whispered and I said,
Little birdie, please to stay!
But it shook its little head,
And directly flew away.

* * *

UP by the chimney there is a small man,
Who holds in his hands a stick and a fan;
When the winds rage he strikes a fierce blow,
And thus their direction tells mortals below.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GUINEA PIG.

THERE was a little guinea pig
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

"OLD woman, old woman,
shall we go a-shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I am
very thick of hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, shall
I love you dearly?"

"Thank you, kind sir, I hear
you very clearly."

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no;
With a rowley, powley, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he marched with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,

And on the way he met with a rat,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"But let it be something that's not very long,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

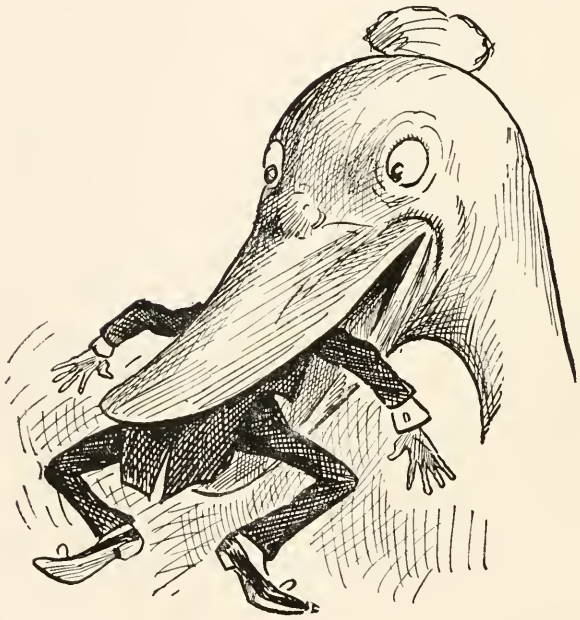
Now, while they all were a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,

A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
Heigho, says Rowley;
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;
Heigho, says Rowley;
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley, powley, etc.



So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley;
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley, powley, etc.

HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

* * *

THERE was a little girl who wore a little hood,
And a curl down the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

* * *

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

* * *

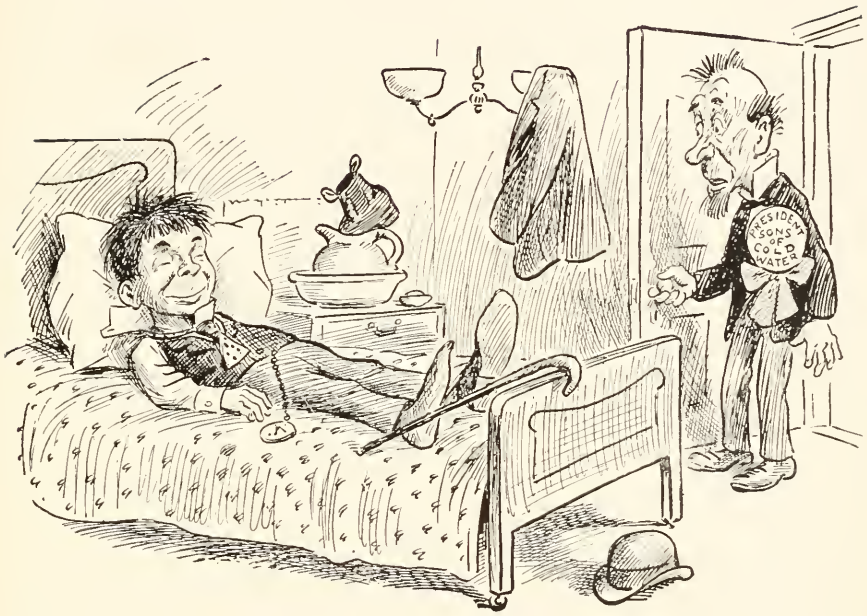
A GLASS of milk and a slice of bread,
And then good-night, we must go to bed.

THERE'S a neat little clock,
In the school-room it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

* * *

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.



DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

MERRY ARE THE BELLS.

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With a merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

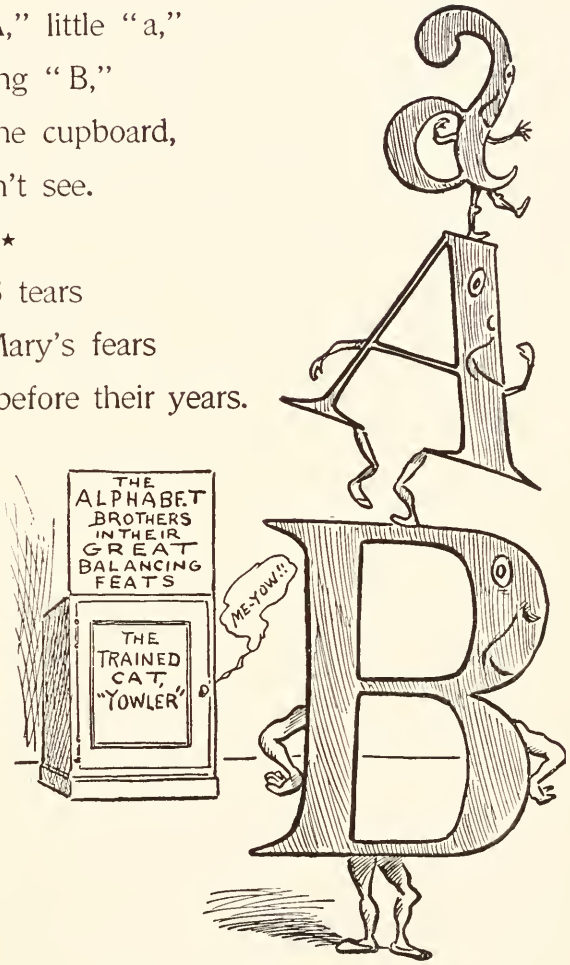
GREAT "A," little "a,"
Bouncing "B,"
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

* * *

TOMMY'S tears
And Mary's fears
Will make them old before their years.

* * *

WHAT do I see?
A bumble bee
Sit on a rose
And wink at me!
What do you mean
By hum, hum, hum?
If you're calling me,
I dare not come!



* * *

TOSS up my darling, toss him up high,
Don't let his head, though, hit the blue sky.

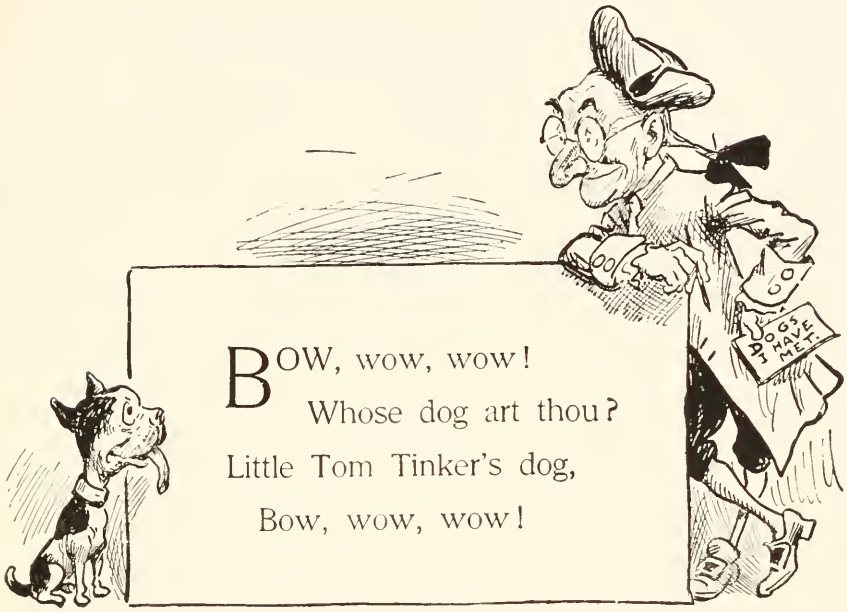
ALAS! alas! for Miss Mackay!
Her knives and forks have run away;
And when the cups and spoons are going,
She's sure there is no way of knowing.

* * *

THERE was an old woman
And nothing she had;
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad.
She'd nothing to eat,
She'd nothing to wear,
She'd nothing to lose,
She'd nothing to fear,
She'd nothing to ask,
And nothing to give,
And when she did die,
She'd nothing to leave.

* * *

IT costs little Gossip her income for shoes,
To travel about and carry the news.



* * *

TWEEDLE-DUM and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

OH, WHO IS SO MERRY!

OH, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho! heigh ho!
His night is the noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

JACK SPRATT'S pig,
He was not very little,
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
He'll do well for a
grunt,
Says little Jack Spratt.

★ ★ ★

WASN'T it funny? hear it all people!
Little Tom Thumb has swallowed a steeple!
How did he do it?
I'll tell you, my son:
'Twas made of white sugar—and easily done!

★ ★ ★

MY maid Mary she minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Merrily run the reel and the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

BRING out the carriage, exactly at five,
We'll all go riding, and Harry shall drive,
The little dog Tray shall run by our side,
And when he is tired, may jump in and ride.

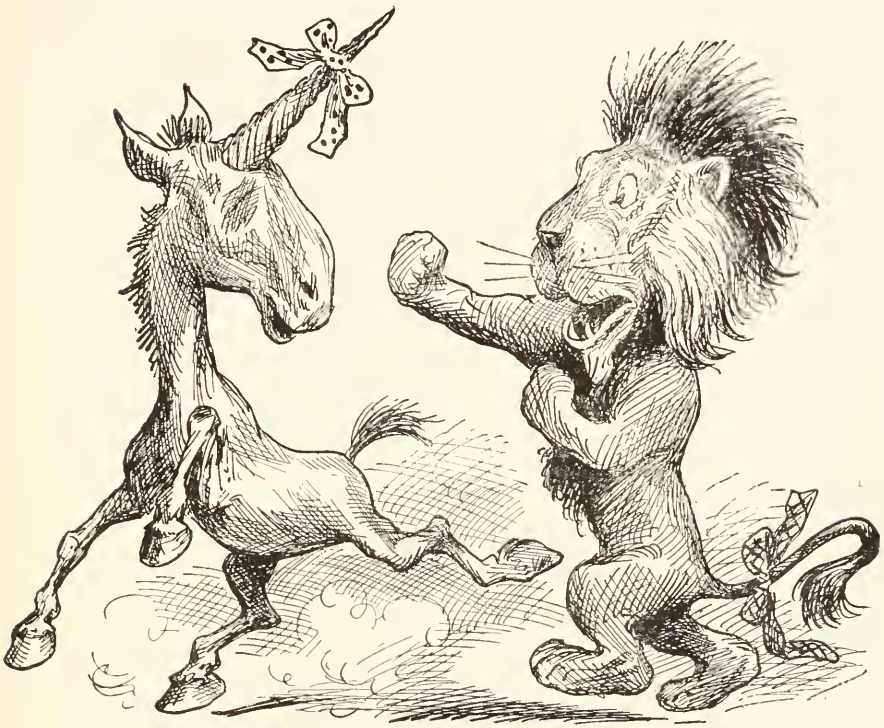
* * *

COME, my dear children,
Up is the sun,
Birds are all singing,
And morn has begun.

Up from the bed, Miss,
Out on the lea;
The horses are waiting
For you and for me!

* * *

LITTLE blue Ben, that lives in the glen,
Keeps a blue cat and one blue hen,
Which laid of blue eggs a score and ten,
Where shall I find the little blue Ben?



THE lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn all round about the town.
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake, and sent them out of town.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;

She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedler whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

* * *

BOBBY SHAFTOE'S gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!
Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love for evermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

* * *

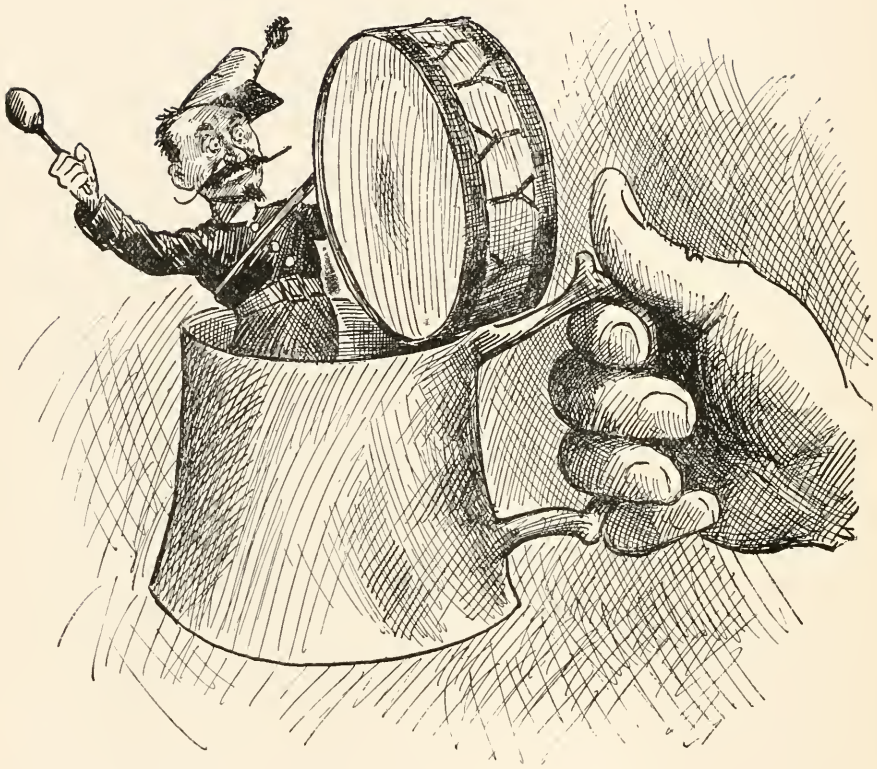
LAVENDER blue and Rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen:
Call up my maids at four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the rock,
Some to make hay, and some to thresh corn,
And you and I will keep the bed warm.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow,—
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

MY FRIEND, ALICE GRAY.

I HAD a little doll,
Its name was Alice Gray,
And while I went to call,
She did the work each day.
Sometimes I would be sick,
And wished to stay at home,
I went for Alice Gray,
And she was sure to come.
And then we laughed and talked,
Or went, awhile, and walked
Beside the running brook,
Or in the leafy grove;
And I would say, my dear,
And she would say, my love.
But, ah! mischance befell
My darling Alice Gray!
She dropped from sister's arms,
And broke her neck, one day.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND.



I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

* * *

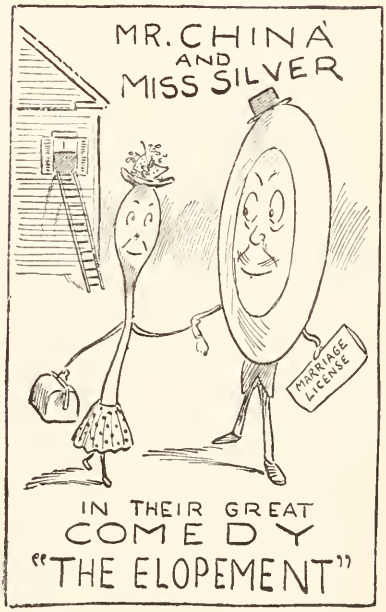
AS I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tune that he could play
Was, "Tie up your petticoats tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the song that he could sing
Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."

HEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.

The cow jumped over the
moon;

The little dog laughed to see
such sport,



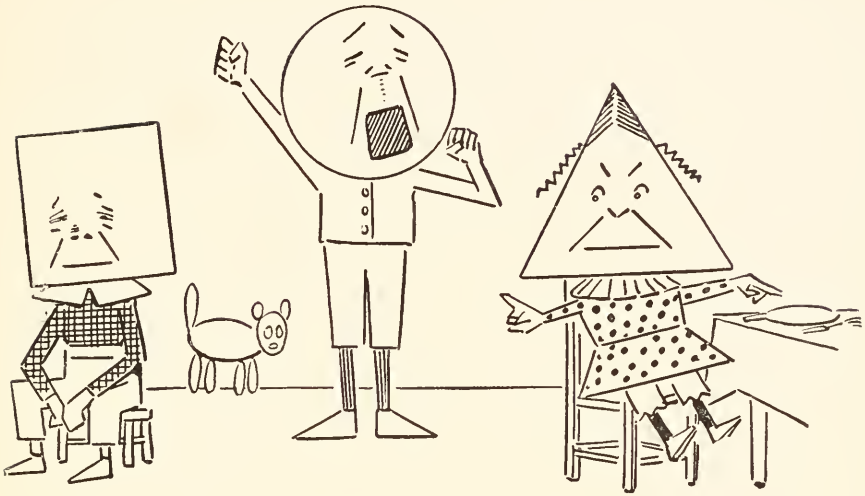
And the dish ran away with
the spoon.

LITTLE DOG.

LITTLE dog, little dog,
What do you there?
Rest me, my lady,
Under the chair.

Little dog, little dog,
Hear you what's said?
Often and often,
My dear little maid.

Little dog, little dog,
Think you men wise?
In closing their ears,
And shutting their eyes.



"COME, let's to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says Slow;
"Put on the pan,"
Says Greedy Nan,
"Let's sup before we go."

* * *

A JOLLY fat miller is Poppleton Bun,
With elephant legs that weigh half a ton,
And face that is round and red as the sun.

OH, that I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

* * *

THERE was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

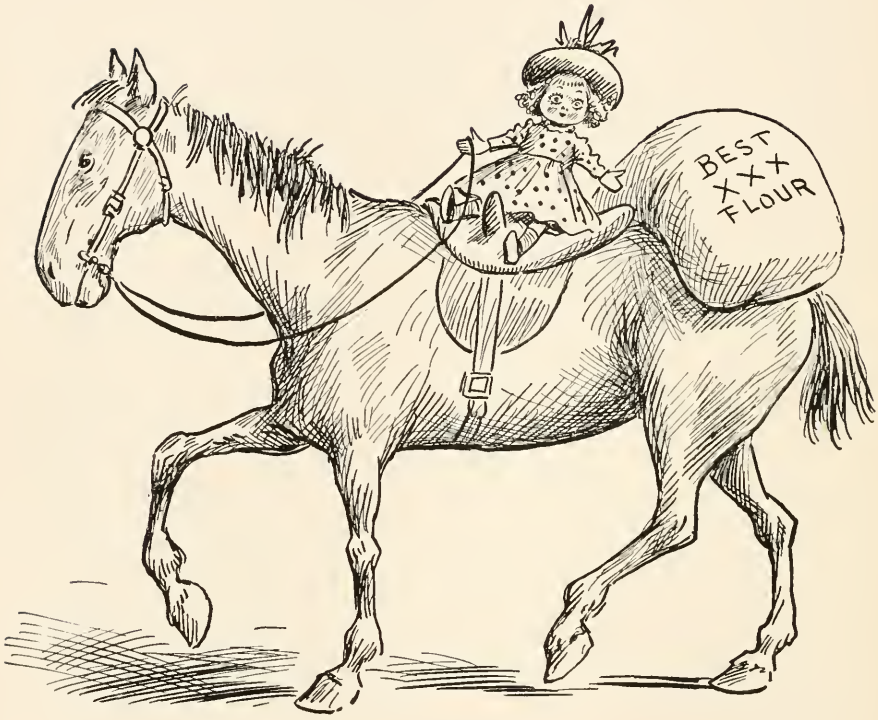
* * *

THE dove says, "Coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two."
"Pooh! pooh!" says the wren; "I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen."

I HAD A LITTLE DOLL.

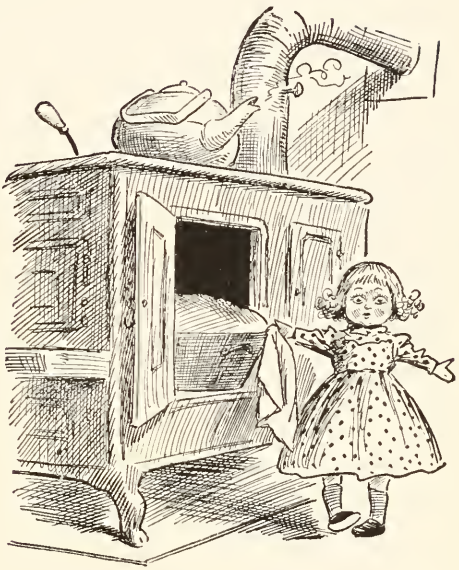
I HAD a little doll,
The prettiest ever seen;

She washed up the dishes,
And kept the house clean.



She went to the mill,
To fetch me some flour,
And always got home
In less than an hour.

She baked my bread,
She brewed my ale;



She sat by the fire
And told me a tale.

HICKELUM, pickelum, pumice-stone!
What is the news, my beautiful one?
My pet doll-baby, Frances Maria,
Suddenly fainted, and fell in the fire.
The clock on the mantel gave the alarm,
But all we could save was one china arm.

* * *

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t'other day;
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!

* * *

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost, and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

JOHNNY SHALL HAVE A NEW BONNET.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a leg for a shoe;
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found 'em indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind 'em.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

Then she heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale-o,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail-o.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard:
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

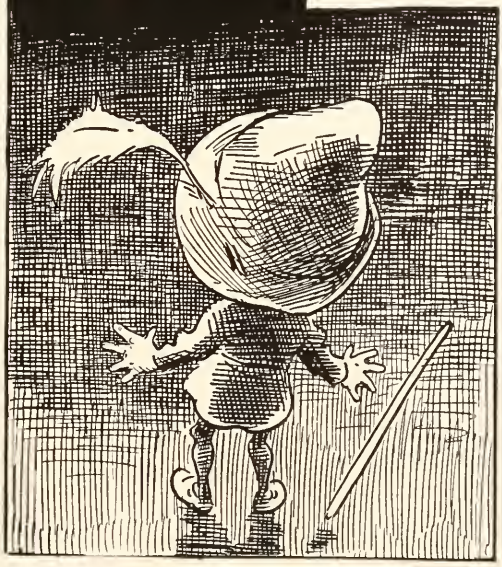
* * *

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

* * *

UP at Piccadilly, oh!
The coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand.
Whip away forever, oh!
Drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh!
He drives her four-in-hand.

THE man in
the moon
Came tumbling
down,
And asked the
way to Nor-
wich;



He went by the
south,
And burnt his
mouth
With eating cold
pease por-
ridge.

THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

* * *

HEY diddle, dinketty, pompetty, pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchantmen.

* * *

PIT, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little Robin be,
But up in yon cherry-tree?

* * *

THERE was a Rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

* * *

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

LADYBIRD, Ladybird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

* * *

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, listen to news,
Baby's to have a pair of new shoes;
Shoes of morocco, and they shall be green,
The smallest, the neatest that ever were seen.
This is no secret, repeat it you may,
Run, my good pussy, and tell it to Tray.

Old Mother Hubbard
and her
Wonderful Dog
This is rough!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL DOG.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

THERE was a maid on Scrabble Hill,
And if not dead, she lives there still;
She grew so tall, she reached the sky,
And on the moon hung clothes to dry.

* * *

PUSSY cat, pussy cat,
What do you see?
Much, my dear lady,
Amusing to me.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Are you discreet?
That which I hear
I never repeat.

* * *

SAID Noble Aaron to Aaron Barron,
"Oh, dear, my foot you put your chair on!"
Said Aaron Barron to Noble Aaron,
"Ah! you shall put your foot my chair on."

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

She'd keep ringing her bell for something to eat,—
If she didn't get bread, she used to eat meat;
And Biddy, the cook, was wearied so,
She said that next Sunday she would have to go.

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

* * *

DARBY and Joan were dressed in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about, Darby's company!

* * *

UP-STREET, and down-street,
Each window's made of glass;
If you go to Tommy Tickler's house,
You'll find a pretty lass.

* * *

HUM diddle diddle, a fly in a fiddle,
There's nothing but noise and vexation;
Both parts of the shears fast bound in the middle,
And one part demands separation.

CURLY-LOCKS, Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

"LEND me thy mare to ride a mile?"
"She is lamed, leaping over a stile."
"Alack! and I must keep the fair!
I'll give thee money for thy mare."
"Oh, oh, say you so?
Money will make the mare to go!"

* * *

THREE young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with new straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs,
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.

* * *

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
Baby has gotten a new gold ring;
Yellow and brilliant, brilliant and yellow,
Baby, our darling's a dear little fellow!

TOM, TOM, WAS A PIPER'S SON.

TOM, Tom, was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and the boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still:
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

* * *

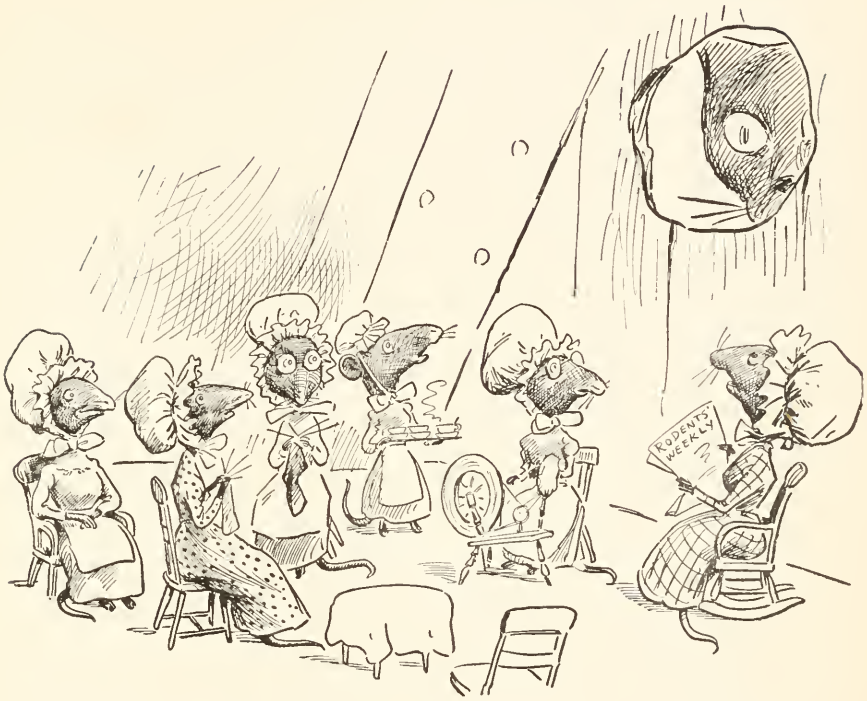
PLAY, play, every day,
Harry throws his time away;
He must work and he must read,
And then he'll be a man indeed.

* * *

HODDLEY poddley, tempests and fogs,
Cats are to marry the terrier dogs;
Cats in blue frocks, and dogs in red hats;
What will become of the mice and the rats?

* * *

SUMMER breeze, so softly blowing,
In my garden pinks are growing;
If you go and send the showers,
You may come and smell my flowers.



SIX little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our heads."

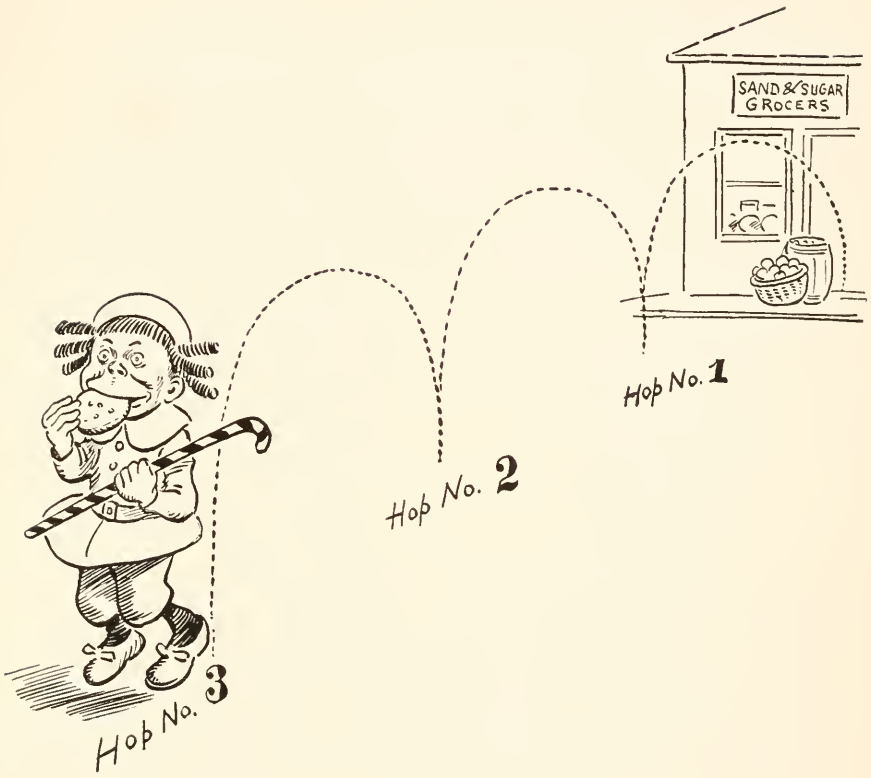
I LOVE SIXPENCE.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.



HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

THE cats went out to serenade,
And on a banjo sweetly played;
And summer nights they climbed a tree,
And sang, "My love, oh, come to me!"

* * *

WEAR you a hat, or wear you a crown,
All that goes up must surely come down.

* * *

THAT little babe, you recollect,
That on the tree did rock,
Its mother nearly died one day,
So dreadful was the shock!
The bough did break, the cradle fell,
The babe, oh, where was it?
'Twas lying on the grass at play,
With pussy cat and kit.

* * *

AND now, good-night! our play is done;
Farewell to each and every one.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM